

"Why, is she not very pretty?" replied Mrs. Brantley.

"Not in my eye," answered Miss Frampton, "wait but two years, till my sweet Augusta is old enough, and tall enough to come out, and you will have no occasion to invite beauties, for the purpose of drawing company to your house—for, of course, I cannot but understand the motive; and pray how can the father of this girl, enable her to make a proper appearance? When she has got through the two dresses that we had so much difficulty in persuading her to venture upon, is she to return to her black marcelline? You certainly do not intend to wrong your own child by going to the expense of dressing out this parson's daughter yourself. And after all, these green young girls do not draw company half so well as ladies a few years older—decided women of tone, who are familiar with the whole routine of society, and have the veritable air distinguish. One of that description would do more for your soirees, next winter, than twenty of these village beauties."

Next day our heroine's new bonnet came home, accompanied by a bill of twelve dollars. She had supposed that the price would not exceed seven or eight. She had not the money, and her embarrassment was increased by Miss Frampton's examining the bill, and reminding her that there was a receipt to it. Laura's confusion was so palpable, that Mrs. Brantley felt some compassion for her, and said to the milliner's girl, "The young lady will call at Miss Pipincord's, and pay for her hat." And the girl departed, first asking to have the bill returned to her, as it was receipted.

When our heroine and her companions were out next morning, they passed the milliner's, and Laura instinctively turned away her head. "You can now call at Miss Pipincord's and pay her bill," said Miss Frampton. "It is here that she lives—don't you see her name on the door?"

"I have not the money about me," said Laura, in a faltering voice—"I have left my purse at home." This was the first attempt at a subterfuge, and conscience-struck, she could not say another word during the walk.

On the last day of the week, her dresses were sent home, with a bill of ten dollars and a half for making the two, including what are called the trimmings, all of which were charged at about four times their real cost. Laura was more confounded than ever. Neither Mrs. Brantley nor Augusta happened to be present, but Miss Frampton was, and understood it all.—"Can't you tell the girl you will call and settle Miss Boxpleat's bill," said she. "Don't look so confused," adding in a somewhat lower voice. "She will suspect you have no money to pay with—really your behaviour is in very bad taste."

Laura's lip quivered, and her cheek grew pale. Miss Frampton could scarcely help laughing, to see her so new in the world, and at last deigned to relieve her by telling Miss Boxpleat's girl that Miss Lovel would call and settle the bill.

The girl was scarcely out of the room, when poor Laura, unable to restrain herself another moment, hid her face against one of the cush-

ions of the ottoman, and burst into tears. The flinty heart of Miss Frampton underwent a momentary softening. She looked awhile in silence at Laura, and then said to her, "Why, you seem to take this very much to heart."

"No wonder," replied Laura, sobbing,—"I have expended all my money; all that my father gave at departing from home. At least, I have only the merest trifle left: and how am I to pay either the milliner's bill or the mantua-maker's?"

Miss Frampton deliberated for a few moments, walked to the window, and stood there awhile—then approached the still weeping Laura, and said to her, "What would you say, if a friend was to come forward to relieve you from this embarrassment?"

"I have no friend," replied Laura in a half-choked voice—"at least none here. Oh! how I wish that I had never left home!"

Miss Frampton paused again, and finally offered Laura the loan of twenty-five dollars, till she could get money from her father. "I know not how to ask my father so soon for any more money. I am convinced he gave me all he could possibly spare. I have done very wrong in allowing myself to incur expenses which I am unable to meet. I can never forgive myself. Oh! how miserable I am!" And she again covered her face and cried bitterly.

Miss Frampton hesitated—but she had heard Mr. Brantley speak of Mr. Lovel as a man of the strictest integrity, and she was certain that he would strain every nerve, and redouble the economy of his family expenditure, rather than to allow his daughter to remain long under pecuniary obligations to a stranger. She felt that she ran no risk in taking from her pocket-book notes to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and putting them into the hands of Laura, who had thought at one time of applying to Mr. Brantley for the loan of a sufficient sum to help her out of her present difficulties, but was deterred by a feeling of invincible repugnance to taxing any further the kindness of her host, conceiving herself already under sufficient obligations to him as his guest, and partaker of his hospitality. However, had she known more of the world and had a greater insight into the varieties of the human character, she would have infinitely preferred throwing herself on the generosity of Mr. Brantley, to becoming the debtor of Miss Frampton. As it was, she gratefully accepted the proffered kindness of that lady, feeling it a respite. Drying her tears, she immediately equipped herself for walking, hastened both to the milliner and mantua-maker, and paying their bills she returned home with a lightened heart.

Laura Lovel already began to find her visit to the Brantley family less agreeable than she had anticipated. They had nothing in common with herself; their conversation was neither edifying nor entertaining. They had few books, except the annuals; and though she passed the Circulating Libraries with longing eyes, she did not consider that she was sufficiently in funds to avail herself of their contents. No opportunities were afforded her of seeing any of the lions of the city, and of those that casually fell in her way, she found her companions generally

more ignorant than herself. They did not conceive that a stranger could be amused or interested with things that, having always been within their own reach, had failed to awaken in them the slightest curiosity. Mr. Brantley was infinitely the best of the family; but he was immersed in business all day, and in the newspapers all the evening. Mrs. Brantley was nothing, and Augusta's petulance and heartlessness, and Miss Frampton's impertinence, (which somewhat increased after she lent the money to Laura,) were equally annoying. The visitors of the family were nearly of the same stamp as themselves.

Laura, however, had looked forward with much anticipated pleasure to the long-talked-of visit to the sea-shore, and in the mean time her chief enjoyment was derived from the afternoon rides that were occasionally taken in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and which gave our heroine an opportunity of seeing something of the beautiful environs of Boston.

Miss Frampton's fits of kindness were always very transient, and Laura's deep mortification at having been necessitated to accept a favour from such a woman, was rendered still more poignant by unavoidably overhearing (as she was dressing at a toilet-table that stood between two open windows,) the following dialogue; the speakers being two of Mrs. Brantley's servant girls that were ironing in the kitchen porch, and who in talking to each other of the young ladies, always dropped the title of Miss:

"Matilda," said one of them, "don't you hear Laura's bell! Didn't she tell you arter dinner, that she would ring for you arter a while, to come up stairs and hook the back of her dress?"

"Yes," replied Matilda—"I hear it as plain as you do, Eliza; but I guess I shan't go till itsuits me. I'm quite beat out with running up stairs from morning till night to wait on that there Philadelphia women, as she takes such high airs. Who but she indeed! Any how, I'm not a going to hurry. I shall just act as if I did'n't hear no bell at all—for as to this here Laura, I guess she an't much. Augusta told me this morning, when she got me to fix her hair, that Miss Frampton told her that Laura axed and begged her amonst on her bare knees, to lend her some money to pay for her frocks and bonnet."

"Why, how could she act so!" exclaimed Eliza.

"Because," resumed Matilda, "her people sent her here without a copper in her pocket. So I guess they're a pretty shabby set, after all."

"I was judging as much," said Eliza, "by her not taking no airs, and always acting so polite to every body."

"Well now," observed Matilda, "Mr. Scourbrass, the gentleman as lives with old Madam Montgomery, at the big house, in Bowdin Square, and helps to do her work, always stands out that very great people of the rale sort, act much better and an't so apt to take airs as them that are upstarts."

"Doctors differ," sagely remarked Eliza. "However, as you say, I don't believe this here Laura as much; and I'm thinking how she'll get along at Nahant. Miss Lathersoap, the lady as

washes her clothes, told me, among other things, that Laura's pocket-handkerchers are all quite plain—not a worked or laced one among them. Now our Augusta would scorn to carry a plain handkercher, and so would her mother."

"I've taken notice of Laura's handkerchers myself," said Matilda, "and I don't see why we young ladies as lives out, and does people's work to oblige them, should be expected to run at the beck and call of any strangers they may choose to take into the house; let alone when they're not no great things."

Laura retreated from the open window, that she might hear no more of a conversation so painful to her. She would at once have written to her father, told him all, and begged him, if possible, to send her money enough to repay Miss Frampton, but she had found by a letter received the day before, that he had gone on some business to the interior of Maine, and would not be home in less than a fortnight.

Next day was the one finally appointed for their removal to Nahant, and our heroine felt her spirits revive at the idea of beholding for the first time in her life, "the sea, the sea, the open sea." They went in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and Laura understood that she might ride in her black silk dress, and her straw bonnet.

They crossed at the Winnisimmet Ferry, rode through Chelsea, and soon arrived at the flourishing town of Lynn, where every man was making shoes, and every woman binding them. The last sunbeams were glowing in the west, when they came to the beautiful Long Beach, that connects the rocks of Lynn with those of Nahant, the sand being so firm and smooth, that the shadow of every object is reflected in it downwards. The tide was so high that they drove along the verge of the surf, the horses' feet splashing through the water, and trampling on the shells and sea-weed left by the retiring waves. Cattle, as they went home, were cooling themselves by wading breast high in the breakers; and the little sand-birds were sporting on the crests of the billows, sometimes flying low and dipping into the water the white edges of their wings, and sometimes seeming with their slender feet to walk on the surface of the foam. Beyond the everlasting breakers rolled the unbounded ocean, the haze of evening coming fast upon it, and the full moon rising broad and red through the misty veil of the eastern horizon.

Laura Lovel felt as if she could have viewed this scene forever, and, at times, she could not refrain from audibly expressing her delight. The other ladies were deeply engaged in listening to Miss Frampton's account of a ball and supper given by her intimate friend, that lovely woman, Mrs. Ben Derrydown, the evening before Mr. Ben Derrydown's last failure, and which ball and supper exceeded in splendour any thing she had ever witnessed, except the wedding party of her sweet love, Mrs. Nick Rearsby, whose furniture was seized by the sheriff a few months after, and the birth-night concert of the coming out of her darling little pet, Kate Bolderhurst, who ran away next morning with her music master.

Our party now arrived at the Nahant Hotel,

which as full of visitors, with some of whom the Brantleys were acquainted. After tea, when the company adjourned to the lower drawing-rooms, the extraordinary beauty of Laura Lovel drew the majority of the gentlemen to that side of the apartment on which the Brantley family were seated. Many introductions took place, and Mrs. Brantley felt in paradise at seeing that her party had attracted the greatest number of beaux. Miss Frampton generally made a point of answering every thing that was addressed to Laura, and Augusta glided and flitted, and chattered much impertinent nonsense to the gentlemen on the outskirts of the group, that were waiting for an opportunity of saying something to Miss Lovel.

Our heroine was much confused at finding herself an object of much general attention, and was also overwhelmed by the officious volubility of Miss Frampton, though none of it was addressed to her. Mrs. Maitland, a lady as unlike Mrs. Brantley as possible, was seated on the other side of Laura Lovel, and was at once prepossessed in her favour, not only from the beauty of her features, but from the intelligence of her countenance. Desirous of being better acquainted, and seeing that Laura's present position was any thing but pleasant to her, Mrs. Maitland proposed that they should take a turn in the veranda that runs round the second story of the hotel. To this suggestion Laura gladly assented—for she felt at once that Mrs. Maitland was just the sort of woman she would like to know. There was a refinement and dignity in her appearance and manner that showed her to be "every inch a lady;" but that dignity was tempered with a frankness and courtesy that put every one round her immediately at their ease. Though now in the autumn of life, her figure was still good—her features still handsome, but they derived their charm from the sensible and benevolent expression of her fine open countenance. Her attire was admirably suited to her face and person; but she was not over-drest, and she was evidently one of those fortunate women who without bestowing much time and attention upon it, are *au fait* to all that constitutes a correct and tasteful costume.

Mrs. Maitland took Laura's arm within hers, and telling Mrs. Brantley that she was going to carry off Miss Lovel for half an hour, she made a sign to a fine looking young man on the other side of the room, and introduced him as her son, Mr. Aubray Maitland. He conducted the two ladies up stairs to the veranda, and in a few moments our heroine felt as if she had been acquainted with the Maitlands for years. No longer kept down and oppressed by the nightmare influence of fools, her spirits expanded, and breathed once more. She expressed without hesitation, her delight at the scene that presented itself before her—for she felt that she was understood.

The moon now "high in heaven," threw a soft luminous light on the trembling expanse of the ocean, and glittered on the spray that foamed and murmured for ever round the rocks that environed the little peninsula, their deep recesses slumbering in shade, while their crags and points came out in silver brightness. Around lay the numer-

ous islands that are scattered over Boston harbour, and far apart glowed the fires of two light-houses, like immense stars beaming on the verge of the horizon, one of them a revolving light, alternately shining out, and disappearing. As a contrast to the still repose that reigned around, was the billiard-room, (resembling a little Grecian temple,) on a promontory that overlooked the sea—the lamp that shone through its windows, mingling with the moon-beams, and the rolling sound of the billiard-balls, uniting with the murmurs of the eternal waters.

Mrs. Maitland listened with corresponding interest to the animated and original comments of her new friend, whose young and enthusiastic imagination had never been more vividly excited; and she drew her out, till Laura suddenly stopped, blushing with fear that she had been saying too much. Before they returned to the drawing-room, Aubray was decidedly and deeply in love.

When Laura retired to her apartment, she left the window open, that she might from her pillow look out upon the moonlight-sea, and be fanned by the cool night breeze that gently rippled its waters; and when she was at last lulled to repose by the monotonous dashing of the surf against the rocks beneath her casement, she had a dream of the peninsula of Nahant; not as it is, covered with new and tasteful buildings, and a favourite resort of the fashion and opulence of Boston, but as it must have looked two centuries ago, when the seals made their homes among its caverned rocks, and when the only human habitations were the rude huts of the Indian fishers, and the only boats, their canoes of bark and skins.

When she awoke from her dream she saw the morning-star sparkling high in the east, and casting on the dark surface of the sea a line of light which seemed to mimic that of the moon, long since gone down beyond the opposite horizon. Laura rose at the earliest glimpse of dawn to watch the approaches of the coming day. A hazy vapour had spread itself over the water, and through its gauze veil she first beheld the red rim of the rising sun seeming to emerge from its ocean bed. As the sun ascended, the mist slowly rolled away, and "the light of morning smiled upon the wave," and tinted the white sails of a little fleet of outward-bound fishing-boats.

At the breakfast table the majority of the company consisted of ladies only: most of the gentlemen (including Aubray Maitland,) having gone in the early steamboat to attend to their business in the city. After breakfast, Laura proposed a walk, and Augusta and Miss Frampton not knowing what else to do with themselves, consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Blunsdon, (who being an heiress, and of a patrician family, conceived herself privileged to do as she pleased, and therefore made it her pleasure to be a hoyden and a slattern,) volunteered to pioneer them, boasting of her intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the neighbourhood. Our heroine, by particular desire of Augusta and Miss Frampton, had arrayed herself that morning in her new French muslin, with what they called its proper accompaniments.

Miss Blunsdon conducted the party to that

singular cleft in the rocks, known by the name of the Swallow's Cave, in consequence of its having been formerly the resort of those birds, whose nests covered its walls. Miss Frampton stopped as soon as they came in sight of it, declaring that it was in bad taste for ladies to scramble about such rugged places, and Augusta agreeing that a fancy for wet slippery rocks was certainly very peculiar. So the two friends sat down on the most level spot they could find, while Miss Blunsdon insisted on Laura's following her to the utmost extent of the cave, and our heroine's desire to explore this wild and picturesque recess, made her forgetful of the probable consequences to her dress.

Miss Blunsdon and Laura descended into the cleft, which as they proceeded, became so narrow as almost to close above their heads; its lofty and irregular walls seeming to lose themselves in the blue sky. The passage at the bottom was in some places scarcely wide enough to allow them to squeeze through it. The tide was low, yet still the stepping stones, loosely imbedded in the sand and sea-weed, were nearly covered with water. But Laura followed her guide to the utmost extent of the passage, till they looked again upon the sea.

When they rejoined their companions—"Oh! look at your new French muslin," exclaimed Augusta to Laura. "It is dragged half way up to your knees, and the salt water has already taken the colour out of it—and your pelerine is split down the back—and your shoes are half off your feet, and your stockings are all over wet and sand. How very peculiar you look!"

Laura was now extremely sorry to find her dress so much injured, and Miss Frampton comforted her by the assurance that it would never again be fit to be seen. They returned to the hotel, where they found Mrs. Maitland reading on one of the sofas in the upper hall, Laura hastily running up stairs, but Augusta called out—"Mrs. Maitland, do look at Miss Lovel—did you ever see such a figure? She has demolished her new dress, scrambling through the Swallow's Cave with Miss Blunsdon." And she ran into the Ladies' drawing-room to repeat the story at full length, while Laura retired to her own room to try some means of remedying her disasters, and to regret that she had not been permitted to bring with her to Nahant some of her gingham morning dresses. The French muslin, however, was incurable; its blue, though very beautiful, being of that peculiar cast which always fades into a dull white when wet with water.

Miss Frampton remained a while in the hall; and taking her seat beside Mrs. Maitland, said to her in a low confidential voice—"Have you not observed, Mrs. Maitland, that when people, who are nobody, attempt to dress, they always overdo it? Only think of a country clergyman's daughter coming to breakfast in so expensive a French muslin, and then going out in it to clamber about the rocks, and paddle among the wet sea-weed. Now you will see what a show she will make at dinner in a dress, the cost of which would keep her whole family in comfortable calico gowns for two years. I was with

her when she did her shopping, and though as a friend, I could not forbear entreating her to get things that were suitable to her circumstances and to her station in life, she turned a deaf ear to every thing I said, (which was certainly in very bad taste) and she would buy nothing but the most expensive and useless frippery. I suppose she expects to catch the beaux by it. But when they find out who she is, I rather think they will only nibble at the bait—Heavens! what a wife she will make? And then such a want of self-respect, and even of common integrity. Of course you will not mention it—for I would on no consideration that it should go any further—but between ourselves, I was actually obliged to lend her money to pay her bills."

Mrs. Maitland, thoroughly disgusted with her companion, and disbelieving the whole of her gratuitous communication, rose from the sofa and departed without vouchsafing a reply.

At dinner, Laura Lovel appeared in her new silk, and really looked beautifully. Miss Frampton observing our heroine attracted the attention of several gentlemen who had just arrived from the city, took an opportunity while she was receiving a plate of chowder from one of the waiters to spill part of it on Laura's dress.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel," said she, "when I took the soup I did not perceive that you and your new silk were beside me."

Laura began to wipe her dress with her pocket handkerchief. "Now don't look so disconcerted," pursued Miss Frampton, in a loud whisper. "It is in very bad taste to appear annoyed when an accident happens to your dress. People in society always pass off such things, as of no consequence whatever. I have apologized for spilling the soup, and what more can I do?"

Poor Laura was not in society, and she knew that to her the accident was of consequence. However, she rallied, and tried to appear as if she thought no more of the mischance that had spoiled the handsomest and most expensive dress she had ever possessed. After dinner she tried to remove the immense grease-spot by every application within her reach, but had no success.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she was invited to join a party that was going to visit the Spouting Horn, as it is generally denominated. She had heard this remarkable place much talked of since her arrival at Nahant, and she certainly felt a great desire to see it. Mrs. Maitland had letters to write, and Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton were engaged in their siesta; but Augusta was eager for the walk as she found that several gentlemen were going, among them Aubray Maitland, who had just arrived in the afternoon boat. His eyes sparkled at the sight of our heroine, and offering her his arm, they proceeded with the rest of the party to the Spouting Horn. This is a deep cavity at the bottom of a steep ledge of rocks, and the waves as they rush successively into it with the tide, are immediately thrown out again by the action of a current of air which comes through a small opening in the back of the recess, the spray falling round like that of a cascade or



fountain. The tide and wind were both high, and Laura was told that the Spouting Horn would be seen to great advantage.

Aubray Maitland conducted her carefully down the least rugged declivity of the rock, and gave her his hand to assist her in springing from point to point. They at length descended to the bottom of the crag. Laura was bending forward with eager curiosity, and looking steadfastly into the wave-worn cavern, much interested in the explosions of foaming water, which were sometimes greater and sometimes less. Suddenly a gust of wind twisted her light dress-bonnet completely round, and broke the sewing of one of the strings, and the bonnet was directly whirled before her into the cavity of the rock, and the next moment thrown back again amidst a shower of sea-froth. Laura cried out involuntarily, and Aubray sprang forward, and snatched it out of the water.

"I fear," said he, "Miss Lovel, your bonnet is irreparably injured. 'It is, indeed,'" replied Laura; and remembering Miss Frampton's lecture, she tried to say that the destruction of her bonnet was of no consequence, but unaccustomed to falsehood, the words died away on her lips.

The ladies now gathered round our heroine, who held in her hand the dripping wreck of the once elegant bonnet; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion, that nothing could possibly be done to restore it to any form that would make it wearable. Laura then tied her scarf over her head, and Aubray Maitland thought she looked prettier than ever.

Late in the evening, Mr. Brantley arrived from town in his chaise, bringing from the post-office a letter from her little sister, or rather two letters written on the same sheet. They ran thus:—

Rosebrook, August 9th, 18—.

"DEAREST SISTER—We hope you are having a great deal of pleasure in Boston. How many novels you must be reading—I wish I was grown up as you are—I am eight years old, and I have never yet read a novel. We miss you all the time. There is still a chair placed for you at the table, and Rosa and I take turns in sitting next to it. But we can no longer hear your pleasant talk with our dear father. You know Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we frequently forgot to eat our dinners. I see advertised a large new book of Fairy Tales. How much you will have to tell us when you come home. Since you were so kind as to promise to bring me a book, I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

"Dear mother has now to make all the pies and puddings herself. We miss you every way. The Children's Friend must be a charming book—so must the Friend of Youth.

Yesterday we had a pair of fowls killed for dinner. Of course, they were not Rosa's chickens, nor mine—they were only Billy and Bobby. But still Rosa and I cried very much, as they were fowls that we were acquainted with. Dear father reasoned with us about it for a long time; but still, though the fowls were made into a pie, we could eat nothing but the crust. I

think I should like very much to read the Robins, and also Keeper's Travels in search of his Master.

"I hope, dear Laura, you will be able to remember every thing you have seen and heard in Boston, that you may have the more to tell us when you come home. I think, after all, there is no book I would prefer to the Arabian Nights—no doubt the Tales of the Genii are also excellent. Dear Laura, how I long to see you again. Paul and Virginia must be very delightful.

Yours affectionately,

"ELLA LOVEL."

"DEAR SISTER LAURA—I cried for a long time after you left us, but at last I wiped my eyes, and played with Ponto, and was happy. I have concluded not to want the canary-bird I asked you to get for me, as I think it best to be satisfied by hearing the birds sing on the trees, in the garden, and in the woods. Last night I heard a screech owl—I would rather have a young fig-tree in a tub—or else a great quantity of new flower-seeds. If you do not get either the fig-tree or the flower-seeds, I should like a blue cat, such as I have read of—you know those cats are not sky-blue, but only a bluish gray. If a blue cat is not to be had, I should be glad of a pair of white English rabbits; and yet, I think I would quite as willingly have a pair of doves. I never saw a real dove—but if doves are scarce, or cost too much, I shall be satisfied with a pair of fantailed pigeons, if they are quite white, their tails fan very much. If you had a great deal of money to spare, I should like a kid or a fawn, but I know that it is impossible; so I will not think of it. Perhaps, when I grow up, I may be a president's wife—if so, I will buy an elephant.

Your affectionate sister,

"ROSA LOVEL."

"I send kisses to all the people in Boston that love you."

How gladly would Laura, had it been in her power, have made every purchase mentioned in the letters of the two innocent girls. And her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed when she thought how happy she might have made them at a small part of the expense she had been persuaded to lavish on the finery that had given her so little pleasure, and that was now nearly all spoiled.

Next day was Sunday; and they went to church and heard Mr. Taylor, the celebrated mariner clergyman, with whose deep pathos and simple good sense, Laura was much interested, while she was at the same time amused with his originality and quaintness.

On returning to the hotel, they found that the morning boat had arrived, and on looking up at the veranda, the first object Laura saw there was Pyram Dodge, standing stiffly, with his hands on the railing.

"Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "there's your friend, the schoolmaster."

"Mercy upon us," screamed Miss Frampton, "has that horrid fellow come after you? Really, Miss Lovel, it was in very bad taste to invite him to Nahant."

"I did not invite him," replied Laura, colour-

ing; "I know not how he discovered that I was here."

"The only way then," said Miss Frampton, "is to cut him dead, and then perhaps he'll clear off."

"Pho," said Augusta, "do you suppose he can understand cutting—why he won't know whether he is cut or not."

"May I ask who this person is?" said Aubray Maitland, in a low voice, to Laura. "Is there any stain or any suspicion attached to him?"

"Oh! no, indeed," replied Laura, earnestly. And, in a few words, as they ascended the stairs, she gave him an outline of the schoolmaster and his character.

"Then do not cut him at all," said Aubray. "Let me take the liberty of suggesting to you how to receive him." They had now come out into the veranda, and Maitland immediately led Laura up to Pyam Dodge, who bowed profoundly on being introduced to him, and then turned to our heroine, asked permission to shake hands with her, hoped his company would be found agreeable, and signified that he had been unable to learn where she was from Mr. Brantley's servants; but that the evening before a gentleman from Boston, had told him that Mr. Brantley and all his family were at Nahant. Therefore, he had come thither to-day, purposely to see her, and to inform her that the summer vacation having commenced, he was going to pay a visit to his friends in Rosebrook, and would be very thankful if she would honour him with a letter or message to her family.

All this was said with much bowing, and prozing and apologizing. When it was finished, Maitland invited Pyam Dodge to take a turn round the veranda, with Miss Lovel and himself, and the poor schoolmaster expressed the most profound gratitude. When they were going to dinner, Aubray introduced him to Mrs. Maitland, placed him next to himself at the table, and engaged him in a conversation on the Greek classics, in which Pyam Dodge, finding himself precisely in his element, forgot his humility, and being less embarrassed, was therefore less awkward and absurd than usual.

Laura Lovel had thought Aubray Maitland the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen. She now thought him the most amiable. In the afternoon there was a mirage, in which the far off rocks in the vicinity of Marblehead, appeared almost in the immediate neighbourhood of Nahant, coming out in full relief, their forms and colours well-defined, and their height and breadth seemingly much increased. While all the company were assembled to look at this singular optical phenomenon, (Aubray Maitland being earnestly engaged in explaining it to our heroine,) Miss Frampton whispered to Laura that she wished particularly to speak with her, and accordingly drew her away to another part of the veranda.

Laura turned pale, for she had a presentiment of what was coming. Miss Frampton then told her, that presuming she heard from home, she concluded that it would, of course, be convenient to return the trifle she had lent her; adding that she wished to give a small commission

to a lady that was going to town the next morning.

Poor Laura knew not what to say. She changed colour, trembled with nervous agitation, and at last faltered out, that in consequence of knowing her father was from home, she had not yet written to him on the subject, but that she would do so immediately, and hoped that Miss Frampton would not find it very inconvenient to wait a few days.

"Why really I don't know how I can," replied Miss Frampton, "I want a shawl exactly like Mrs. Horton's. She tells me they are only to be had at one store in Boston, and that when she got her's the other day, there was only two left. They are really quite a new style, strange as it is to see any thing in Boston, that is not quite old fashioned in Philadelphia. The money I lent you is precisely the sum for this purpose. Of course I am in no want of a shawl—thank heaven, I have more than I know what to do with—but, as I told you, these are quite a new style."

"Oh! how gladly would I pay you if I could!" exclaimed Laura, covering her face with her hands. "What would I give at this moment for twenty-five dollars!"—

"I hope I am not inconvenient," said the voice of Pyam Dodge, close at Laura's back; "but I have been looking for Laura Lovel, that I may take my leave, and return to town in the next boat."

Miss Frampton tossed her head and walked away to tell Mrs. Horton confidentially, that Miss Lovel had borrowed twenty-five dollars of her to buy finery, but not to add that she had just been asking her for payment.

"If I may venture to use such freedom," pursued Pyam Dodge: "I think Miss Laura Lovel, I overheard you just now grieving that you could not pay some money. Now, my good child, (if you will forgive me for calling you so) why should you be at any loss for money, when I have just received my quarter's salary, and when I have more about me than I know what to do with. I heard you mention twenty-five dollars—here it is, (taking some notes out of an enormous pocket-book,) and if you want any more, as I hope you do—"

"Oh! no, indeed—no," interrupted Laura. "I cannot take it—I would not on any consideration."

"I know too well," continued Pyam Dodge, "I am not worthy to offer it, and I hope I am not making myself disagreeable. But if Miss Laura Lovel, you would only have the goodness to accept it, you may be sure I will never ask you for it as long as I live. I would even take a book oath not to do so."

Laura steadily refused the proffered kindness of the poor schoolmaster, and begged Pyam Dodge to mention the subject to her no more. She told him that she now wished to go home, and that she would write by him to her family, begging that her father would come for her (as he had promised at parting,) and take her back to Rosebrook, as soon as he could. She quitted Pyam Dodge, she was evidently much mortified, and retired to write her letter, which she gave to him as soon as it was

finished, finding him in the hall, taking a ceremonious leave of the Maitlands. He departed, and Laura's spirits were gradually revived during the evening, by the gratifying attentions and agreeable conversation of Mrs. Maitland and her son.

When our heroine retired for the night, she found on her table a letter, in a singularly uncouth hand, if hand it could be called, where every word was differently written. It enclosed two ten dollar notes and a five, and was conceived in the following words—

"This is to inform Miss Laura, eldest daughter to the reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, that an unknown friend of her's whose name it will be impossible for her to guess, (and therefore to make the attempt will doubtless be entire loss of time, and time is always precious,) having accidentally heard (though by what means is a profound secret,) that she, at this present time, is in some little difficulty for want of a small sum of money—he, therefore—this unknown friend, offers to her acceptance the before-mentioned sum; hoping that she will find nothing disgusting in his using so great a liberty."

"Oh! poor Pyam Dodge!" exclaimed Laura, "why did you take this trouble to disguise and disguise your excellent hand-writing." And she felt, after all, what a relief it was to transfer debt from Miss Frampton to the good schoolmaster. Reluctant to have any further personal discussion on this painful subject, she enclosed the notes in a short billet to Miss Frampton, and sent it immediately to that lady's apartment. She then went to bed, comparatively happy, slept soundly, and dreamed of Aubray Maitland.

About the end of the week, Laura Lovel was delighted to see her father arrive with Mr. Brantley. As soon as they were alone, she threw herself into his arms, and with a flood of tears explained to him the particulars of all that had passed since she left home; and deeply lamented that she had allowed herself to be drawn into expenses beyond her means of defraying, and which her father could ill afford to supply, to say nothing of the pain and mortification they had occasioned to herself.

"My beloved child," said Mr. Lovel, "I have been much to blame for entrusting you at an age so early and inexperienced, and with no knowledge of a town life and its habits, to the guidance example of a family of whom I knew nothing, except that they were reputable and opulent."

Mr. Lovel then gave his daughter the agreeable intelligence, that the tract of land which was the object of his visit to Maine, and which had been left him in his youth by an old aunt, and was then considered of little or no account, had greatly increased in value by a new and flourishing town having sprung up in its immediate vicinity. This tract he had recently been able to sell for ten thousand dollars, and the interest of that sum would now make a most acceptable addition to his little income.

He also informed her that Pyam Dodge was then at the village of Rosebrook, where he was "visiting round," as he called it, and that the

good schoolmaster had faithfully kept the secret of the twenty-five dollars which he had pressed upon Laura, and which Mr. Lovel had now heard, for the first time, from herself.

While this conversation was going on between the father and daughter, Mrs. Maitland and her son was engaged in discussing the beauty and the apparent merits of our heroine. "I should like extremely," said Mrs. Maitland, "to invite Miss Lovel to pass the winter with me. But you know we live much in the world, and I fear the limited state of her father's finances could not allow her to appear as she would wish. Yet perhaps I might manage to assist her, in that respect, without wounding her delicacy. I think with regret of so fair a flower being 'born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air.'"

"There is one way," said Aubray Maitland, smiling, and colouring, "by which we might have Miss Lovel to spend next winter in Boston, without any danger of offending her delicacy, or subjecting her to embarrassment on account of her personal expenses—a way which would enable her to appear as she deserves, and to move in a sphere that she is well calculated to adorn, though not as *Miss Lovel*."

"I cannot but understand you, Aubray," replied Mrs. Maitland, who had always been not only mother, but the sympathising and confidential friend of her son—"yet be not too precipitate. Know more of this young lady, before you go so far that you cannot in honour recede."

"I know her sufficiently," said Aubray with animation. "She is to be understood at once, and though I flatter myself that I may have already excited some interest in her heart, yet I have no reason to suppose that she entertains for me such feelings as would induce her at this time to accept my offer. She is extremely anxious to get home; she may have left a lover there. But let me be once assured that her affections are disengaged, and that she is really inclined to bestow them on me, and a declaration shall immediately follow the discovery. A man, who after being convinced of the regard of the woman he loves, can trifle with her feelings and hesitate about securing her hand, does not deserve to obtain her."

Laura had few preparations to make for her departure, which took place the next morning. Aubray Maitland and Mr. Brantley accompanying her and her father to town, in the early boat. Mr. Maitland took leave of her affectionately, Mrs. Brantley smilingly, Agusta coldly, and Miss Frampton not at all.

Mr. Lovel and his daughter passed that day in Boston, staying at a hotel. Laura showed her father the children's letter. All the books that Ella mentioned were purchased for her, and quite a little menagerie of animals was procured for Rosa.

They arrived safely at Rosebrook. And when Mr. Lovel was invoking a blessing on their evening repast, he referred to the return of his daughter and to his happiness on seeing her once more in her accustomed seat at the table, in a manner that drew tears into the eyes of every member of the family.

Pyam Dodge was there; only waiting for Lau-

ra's arrival to set out next morning on a visit to his relations in Vermont. With his usual want of tact, and his usual kindness of heart, he made so many objections to receiving the money with which he had accommodated our heroine, that Mr. Lovel was obliged to slip it privately into his trunk before his departure.

In a few days, Aubray Maitland came to Rosebrook and established himself at the principal inn, from whence he visited Laura the evening of his arrival. Next day he came both morning and evening. On the third day he paid her three visits, and after that it was not worth while to count them.

The marriage of Aubray and Laura took place at the close of the autumn, and they immediately went into the possession of an elegant residence of their own, adjoining the mansion of the elder Mrs. Maitland. They are now living in as much happiness as can fall to the lot of human beings.

Before the Nahant season was over, Miss Frampton had quarrelled with or offended nearly every lady at the hotel, and Mr. Brantley privately insisted that his wife should not invite her to pass the winter with them. However, she protracted her stay as long as she possibly could with any appearance of decency, and then returned to Philadelphia under the escort of one of Mr. Brantley's clerks. After she came home, her visit to Boston afforded her a new subject of conversation, in which the predominant features were general ridicule of the Yankees, (as she called them,) circumstantial slanders of the family to whose hospitality she had been indebted for more than three months, and particular abuse of "that little wretch, Augusta."

### SONG.

BY ROSA L. DERWOOD.

Oh! beauty's daughter! maiden thou  
Of jetty locks, and moonlight brow—  
And eyes, so like the Heav'n's above  
As brightly blue! where art thou love?  
Thou erst wert gath'ring wild flow'rs here,  
To deck thy soft luxuriant hair;  
Away, away o'er the sil'ry tide  
Thy lover's come to bear his bride!  
Come love! come to the cypress tree  
Thy Gerard's bark but waits for thee!  
And merrily, merrily shall we glide;  
Now o'er the blue waves lightly ride—  
On—on we'll hie by the moon's soft light,  
And the starry beams of thine eye so bright!  
Thy free and boundless home shall be,  
On the waters of the deep blue sea!—  
And thou shalt have a gentle maid  
A Nereide, thy locks to braid—  
Then, come, love, to the cypress tree,  
Thy Gerard's bark still waits for thee!  
'The moonbeams o'er the waters play—  
Why ling'rest thou? oh! Ada say?  
(She comes not still! kind Heav'n! but throw  
Her shadow in the tide below!)  
I've won thee, love, a coronal—  
The flow'rs will fade—the dew-drops fall!  
Each sunny clime, each coral cave,  
Shall yield thee treasures on the wave!  
Ere comes! farewell dark cypress tree—  
My bark but waits, my love, for thee.

Norfolk, Virginia.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

Honour and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every transaction of life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever pursuit individuals are engaged in, sincerity in profession, steadfastness, promptness, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; whilst he who acts from dishonest or designing motives obtains deserved contempt. Dishonest proceedings in word or deed, are very offensive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God and man, even in trivial, but much more so in consequential affairs. The most perfect uprightness is highly requisite between man and man, though it is too often disregarded; and is much more so between the sexes. Every profession of regard should be made without dissembling, every promise preserved inviolate, and every engagement faithfully discharged. No one ought to make any *offers* or *pretensions* to a lady before he is, in a great measure, certain her person, her temper, and qualifications, suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life would be,  
If hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart, will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment and delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his affections on such permanent endowments, before he pledges his faith to a lady. He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be taken with too much reverence and deliberation. Therefore he will not undertake it at random, lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think (notwithstanding it is too much countenanced by custom) of sporting with the affections of the fair sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any one, till he is perfectly convinced that his *own* are fixed on just principles. All imaginable caution is certainly necessary, but after a man's profession of regard, and kind service and solicitations have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagements. For he then is particularly dear to her, and reason, honour, justice, all unite to oblige him to make good his engagement. When the matter is brought to such a crisis, there is no retreating without manifestly disturbing her quiet and tranquillity of mind; nor can any thing but her *loss* of virtue, justify his desertion. Whether marriage has been expressly promised or not, it is of little signification. For if he has solicited and obtained her affection, on supposition that he intended to marry her, the contract is, in the sight

of Heaven, sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes upon the honest heart of an unsuspecting girl, and after winning her affection, by the prevailing rhetoric of courtship, ungenerously leaves her to bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very dishonourable part, and is more to be detested than a common robber. For private treachery is much more heinous than open force; and money must not be put in competition with happiness. S. B.

#### From "Hours of Devotion."

**"MATRIMONY.**—With what sordid motives do parents sometimes compel their children to enter into the married life; and that too, with those whom they may regard with cold indifference or even disgust.—Mutual affection is seldom made the subject of inquiry. It is enough to know that their wealth or power will be increased, and for that they are ready to make every sacrifice. They heed not the grief or sorrow that they bring upon their devoted offspring.—They little think of the tears of anguish that they cause to flow. Sooner than be disconcerted in their ambitious schemes, they will doom them to unmitigated wretchedness—to all the glowing agonies of despair. Remember, there is an eternal and all-seeing God who is watching over you! He hears the groans which you are extorting by your cruelty. You may accomplish your designs, but you will not escape the dread retribution of punishment. When you are stretched upon the bed of death, you will not forget the wrongs you have inflicted upon those who should be dearer to you than all the world beside, and these reflections will torment you like so many fiends, until the last pulses of life have ceased.

**"UNMARRIED LIFE.**—Why will you increase the misery of her who has renounced the happiness of a matrimonial life? Are you qualified to judge of her motives? Do you know what disgust she may have felt for the deceitfulness of man? Were you a witness of her agony—her burning tears—the grief that secretly devoured her, when the spell of her affections was broken? when the vows of love proved a deceiving and lying oracle? when the joys of life fled quickly away, and existence became to her a curse—a torment! And yet, you despise her—you do not possess an atom of her nobleness of soul—you, whose passions, whose lusts, are all unrestrained.

**"THE WARRIOR.**—He may be compared to the splendors of a sunset, that succeeds a gloomy and tempestuous day. He requires no idle ceremonies—no high sounding epithets—no jargon of senseless and unmeaning praise—no proud monument, to perpetuate his name, or keep him alive in the remembrance of the people. He has been consecrated by his own blood—and his death becomes the pride and glory of the whole nation. The recollection of his valor adds to his further security. Enemies will respect a people who have had such a fearless champion of their rights. His virtues never die—they are transmitted from one generation to another.

**"FAMILY DEVOTION.**—It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent applications, for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates.

#### From Montgomery's Lectures.

#### EARLY POETRY.

The most ancient specimen of oral literature on record we find in the oldest book, which is itself the most ancient specimen of written literature. This is the speech of Lamech to his two wives (in the fourth chapter of Genesis,) which, though consisting of six hemistichs only, nevertheless exemplifies all the peculiarities of Hebrew verse—*parallelism, amplification, and antithesis*. The passage is exceedingly obscure, and I shall not attempt to interpret it: the mere collocation of words, as they stand in the authorized English Bible, will answer our present purpose:—

"Adah and Zillah! hear my voice:

Ye wives of Lamech! hearken unto my speech."

This is parallelism, the meaning of both lines being synonymous, though the phraseology is varied, and the two limbs of each correspond to those of the other.—

"Adah and Zillah! | hear my voice;

Ye wives of Lamech, | hearken unto my speech,

"For I have slain a man to my wounding,

And a young man to my hurt."

Here is amplification: concerning the man slain in the first clause, we have the additional information in the second that he was "a young man."

"If Cain shall be avenged seven fold,

Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold."

The antithesis in this couplet consists, not in contrary, but in aggravation of the opposing terms—seven fold contrasted with seventy and seven fold.

The context of this passage has a peculiar interest at this time, when the proscription of everlasting ignorance is taken off from the multitude, and knowledge is become as much the birthright of the people of Britain as liberty. This Lamech, who, if not the inventor of poetry, was one of the earliest of poets, had three sons; of whom Jabel, the father of such as dwell in tents, followed agriculture; Jubal the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, cultivated music; while Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, practised handicraft. Thus, in the seventh generation of man, in one family, we find poetry, music, agriculture, and the mechanical arts.

The next specimen which occurs in Sacred Writ are the words of Noah, when he awoke from his wine, and knew what his children had respectively done unto him:—

"Cursed be Canaan;

A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren:

Blessed be the Lord God of Shem;

And Canaan shall be his servant:

God shall enlarge Japheth,

And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,

And Canaan shall be his servant."

This quotation, in the closing triplet, rises into genuine poetry, by the introduction of a fine pastoral metaphor illustrative of the manner of living among the ancient patriarchs:—

"God shall enlarge Japheth,

And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.

But these lines are more striking, as exhibiting the first example of the union of poetry and prophecy; for in those primitive days,

—"the sacred name  
Of prophet and of poet were the same."

*Compare.*

I have passed over the reputed prophecies of Enoch before the flood, because, though we have a quotation from them in the Epistle of St. Jude, the original language in which they were uttered is either itself extinct, or, if it were the Hebrew, has lost the words that embodied them. It may be observed, however, that the translated extract in the Greek Testament, bears tokens of the original having been rhythmical, which

is specially indicated by the use of one emphatical word four times in as many lines—a pleonasm that would hardly have occurred in prose composition, even in the age of Adam, but might be gracefully adapted to the cadence and character of the most ancient mode of verse.

Isaac's benedictions upon Esau and Jacob are at least presumptive evidence of the advanced state of oral literature (for writing was probably not yet invented) in his age. The critics, I believe, do not allow the language to have the decided marks of Hebrew rhythm. If so, the passage may be, without hesitation, set down as the oldest specimen of *prose* in the world.

Of the words of dying Jacob, however, there is no question that the structure of them is verse, and the substance of them at once poetry and prophecy of the highest order. It might seem, from the power of the sentiments and the brilliancy of the illustrations, as though the patriarch on his dying couch, surrounded by his mourning family, were again caught up into the visions of God—as when in his youth, he lay alone on the earth in the wilderness and saw the angels of God ascending upon a ladder, that reached from his stone pillow into the heavens; for here, in his last accents, it is even as if he had learned the language, and spake with the tongues of angels—so fervent, pure, and abundant in wisdom and grace are the words of his lips and the aspirations of his heart. One extract will suffice:—

"Judah is a lion's whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?"

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of the people be."

"Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes with the blood of grapes."

"His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."

*The whole of this imagery might be engraved in hieroglyphics; but not one of the sister arts alone can do it justice, for it combines the excellencies of all three—picture to the eye, music to the ear, poetry to the mind.*

**HANNAH MOORE.**—The celibacy of this excellent lady, which gave her so much time to bend her powers to humanity, has been a subject of surprise. A writer in a recent Scottish periodical relates as authentic, the following circumstances: She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gaily to the church, where the ceremony was to be performed, and the groom was to make his appearance. The lady was first upon the ground. Her lover was not there. "The laggard comes late," thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He never came at all. A horseman rode up to the church door, and handed Miss More a letter, written by her faithless swain, declaring, with many apologies, he could not "take the responsibility" of making her his bride. At the same time, he offered her any pecuniary remuneration in his power.—Whether the lady fainted or only pouted, is not mentioned, but the male relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit, that the "dastard in love" made a settlement upon the slighted lady of £400 sterling, a year, for life.—*Albany Ado.*

**HOW TO RULE.**—They that govern must make least noise. You see when they row a barge, they that do the drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

**MUNCHAUSEN.**—Many doubts have been expressed whether such a person ever existed: the following brief sketch, by Mr. Lieber, a learned German, sets the matter at rest; Jerome Charles Frederic Von Munchausen, the original of the well known narrator of wonders, was a German officer who served several campaigns against the Turks, in the Russian service. He was a passionate lover of horses and hounds; of which, and of his adventures among the Turks, he told the most extravagant stories; and his fancy, finally, so completely got the better of his memory, that he really believed his most improbable and impossible fictions, and was very much offended if any doubt was expressed on the subject. In relating these monstrous lies, his eyes would shine and stare out of his head, his face became flushed, the sweat rolled down from his forehead, and he used the most violent gestures, as if he were really cutting off the heads of the Turks, or fighting the bears and wolves that figure in his stories. Having become acquainted with the poet Burger, at Pyrmont, and being pleased with his society, Munchausen used to relate those waking dreams to him; and the poet afterwards published them, with his own improvements, under the title of *Wunderbare Abentheuer und Reisen des Herrn Von Munchausen*, translated from the English, 1787. A part of them had already appeared in the third volume of the *Deliciae Academicæ* under the title of *Mendacia ridicula*. The wit and humor of the work gave it great success, and it was translated into several foreign languages. When it appeared in England, the British reviewers laboured hard to show that it was a satire upon the ministry. Munchausen was very angry with the liberty thus taken with his name, and Burger became involved in some difficulties in consequence. An enlarged edition was published in four volumes. Munchausen when quite advanced in years, married a very young wife, who, to the astonishment of every one, presented him with a son, the consequence of which was a suit prosecuted by his relations after his death, in 1797, in support of their claims to his estate.

**BYRON ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.**—"Of the immortality of the soul," says Lord Byron, in a paper written toward the termination of his life, "it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of the mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body. In dreams, for instance; incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now, that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass'—a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains, being material, may be shaken off. How far our future life will be *individual*, or rather, how far it will resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal, seems as probable as that the body is not so. But the whole thing is *increditable*."



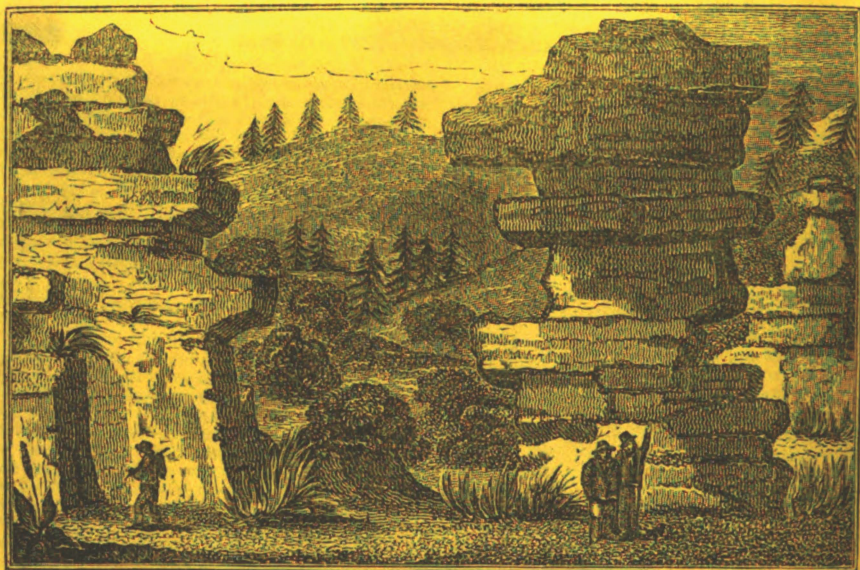


Large Hotel, Tottenham

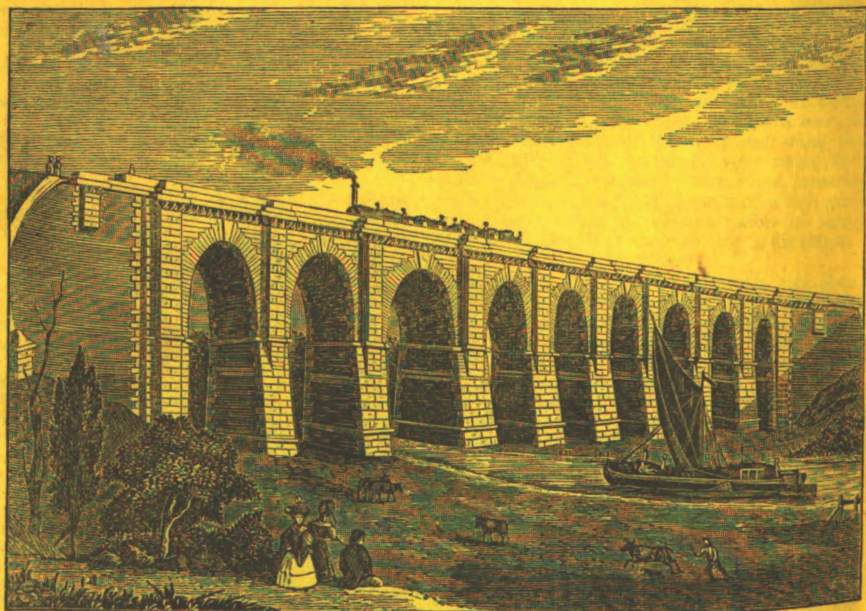


Viaduct across the Sankley Valley, Liverpool and Manchester  
at Hall Way.





**Pulpit Rocks, Pennsylvania.**



**Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, Liverpool and Manchester Rail Way.**

## PULPIT ROCKS, PENNSYLVANIA.

These remarkable rocks, of which the opposite plate furnishes a very correct view, are found in what is called the Bald Eagle or Sinking Spring Valley, on the frontiers of Bedford county, Pa. The valley is bordered on the east by a chain of high, rugged mountains, anciently called the Canoe Ridge, and on the west by the Warrior Mountains. The Pulpit Rocks are situated about 200 miles from the city of Philadelphia, in a mild country, distinguished by many singular natural objects. They assume various striking forms and shapes, and parts are designated as pulpits, bowls, teapots, &c. from the resemblance they bear to such articles. They are unquestionably an object of great curiosity, and no traveller should visit that section of the country without seeing them.

Sinking Valley was made remarkable during the revolutionary war, on account of numerous lead mines found there, over which extensive works were established. The lead ore was of many kinds, some in broad shining flakes, and others of the steely texture, and was found in great quantities. Owing, however, to frequent molestation from the Indians, and the inexperience of the miners, who were old countrymen, unused to such labour, the mines were soon entirely abandoned.

Among other curiosities of this place, the swallows (which absorb several of the largest streams of the valley, and, after conveying them for several miles under ground, in a subterraneous course, then return them upon the surface) are not the most inconsiderable. These, and the number this place contains, have given rise to its general name. Among the most remarkable of them, that called the Arch Spring may be particularized, as it runs close upon the road from the town to the fort. It is a deep hollow, formed in the limestone rock; about thirty feet in width, with a rude arch of stone hanging over it, forming a passage for the water, which it throws out with some degree of violence, and in such plenty as to form a fine stream, which at length buries itself again in the bowels of the earth. Some of these pits are near three hundred feet deep; the water at the bottom seems in rapid motion, and is apparently of a colour as deep as ink, though, in truth, it is as pure as the finest springs can produce. Many of these pits are placed along the course of this subterraneous river, which soon afterwards takes an opportunity of an opening to a deposit, and keeps along the surface among rocky hills for a few rods, then enters the mouth of a large cave, whose exterior aperture was sufficient to admit a shallop with her sail full spread. In the inside it keeps from eighteen to twenty feet wide. The roof declines as you advance, and a ledge of loose rugged rocks keeps in tolerable order upon one side, affording means to scramble along. In the midst of this cave is a heap of timber, bodies of trees, branches, &c. and it is to be seen lodged quite up to the roof of this passage, which affords a proof of the water being swelled up to the very top, during the time of freshes, &c.; its mode of escaping being, perhaps, inadequate to the prodigious quantities which sometimes must fall from the mountains into this channel, swelling it up to the very surface, as

several places over the side seemed to evince the escape of water at times, into the lower country. This opening in the hill continues about four hundred yards, when the cave widens, after you have got round a sudden turn, which prevents it being discovered till you are within it, to a spacious room, at the bottom of which is a vortex, the water that falls into it whirling round with amazing force; sticks, or even pieces of timber, are immediately absorbed, and carried out of sight, the water boiling up with excessive violence, which soon subsides until the experiment is renewed.

## Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, England.

The Liverpool and Manchester Rail-way, certainly one of the most stupendous undertakings ever commenced in England, is now in successful operation, and affords great facilities in the transportation of passengers and merchandise. The road extends thirty-one miles, and in its construction more than ordinary difficulties, owing to the unfavourable situation of the country, were surmounted, involving an expense far more extensive than was anticipated in the original estimates. The bridges cost 108,565 pounds 11s. 9d., and the sum of 105,289 pounds 14s. 3d. was paid for land. These two items alone exceed the whole estimated cost of the Pennsylvania rail-road from Columbia to Philadelphia, which is eighty-one miles in length.

One of the most interesting portions of the Manchester Rail-way, is that referred to in the accompanying engraving, giving a view of the splendid Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, about fifteen miles from Liverpool. The following description of this magnificent work is furnished in a late minute account of the Rail-way. The writer says—

"Leaving Parr Moss, we soon approach the great valley of the Sankey, about half way between Liverpool and Manchester, with its Canal at the bottom, and its flats or barges in full sail passing to and fro, between the River Mersey, near Warrington, and the great coal districts, near St. Helen's. Over the valley and canal, and over the topmasts and high peaks of the barges, the Rail-way is carried along a magnificent viaduct of wire arches, each 50 feet span, built principally of brick, with stone padings, the length from the top of the parapets to the water in the canal being 70 feet, and the width of the Rail-way between the parapets 25 feet. The approach of this great structure is along a stupendous embankment; formed principally of clay, dug out from the high lands on the borders of the valley. Looking over the battlements there is a fine view down to the south—Winwick spire rising in the distance, and below you, the little stream of the Sankey running parallel with the canal; while the masts and sails of the vessels, seen at intervals in the landscape where the Canal is no longer visible, present a vivid specimen of inland navigation. Immediately below you, the barges, as they approach the bridge, escape from view for a few minutes, till, having sailed under your feet, they become again visible on the opposite side of the viaduct."

## THE FLOOD.—A SONNET.

Earth's groans are heard afar; the air's deep sleep  
Is broken. Springs gush out and sparkle high;  
The silver streamlets swell and howling leap,  
While swift the ocean foam invades the sky;  
Dark seas in fury lash the sounding shore,  
And howl defiance to the world of men;  
The rains descend and swell the deaf'ning roar  
That raves o'er field and forest, hill and glen;  
The seething waters storm in phalanx wide  
And whelm the living in their whirling tide;  
A shoreless ocean now enwraps the globe;  
The roar of waves in solemn might prevail;  
Wild clouds, are spread for nature's funeral robe,  
And loud winds o'er the lost creation wail.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

From the New England Magazine.

## Autobiography of Mathew Carey.

## LETTER VI.

In 1792 or 1793, feeling for the sufferings and wretchedness of the numerous Irish emigrants who arrived in this city, many of them penniless, and in a most forlorn situation in every respect, I called a meeting at the Coffee house, of a number of the most respectable and influential Irishmen in the city—and, having previously prepared a constitution, submitted it to the meeting, by which it was adopted, an association being formed, under the title of "The Hibernian Society for the relief of emigrants from Ireland." Hugh Holmes, a man of as kind and friendly a heart, and of as amiable a temper and manners, and withal as jovial and festive a companion, as any native of the Emerald Isle, that ever lived, to whose friendship and kindness I was frequently indebted, was elected President, and I was at the same time elected Secretary, in which office I officiated for a number of years. This society exists in full and beneficent operation at the present day. It has been extremely useful to many hundreds of emigrants—some of whom are now in easy and affluent circumstances, who, but for their aid and advice, might have pined in penury. The treasury has a handsome fund, the interests of which is adequate to the current demands on the society.

There was at that period, a society of Irishmen in Philadelphia, under the title of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." Although their object was solely a jovial celebration of the anniversary of the patron saint of the island, and there could, therefore, be no real ground of rivalry between the two societies, the old society was somewhat jealous of the new. And two eminent merchants, belonging to the two societies, having met at the door of one of them, they had angry words on the subject, which, both being high tempered and passionate, soon eventuated in a pitched battle, wherein the advocate of the Hibernian Society came off victorious. The name of the latter was Robert Rainey—long since dead, without leaving any relations behind in this country; but I withhold the name of his antagonist, out of respect to his son, now living.

In 1793 and 1794, I was seized with a theatrical mania, and used to attend in Chestnut street, particularly in the former year, about twice for every three times the theatre was open. I wrote in each year a set of Dramatic criticisms, which induced Wignall and Reinagle to send Mr. Rowson, the prompter, (now employed in the Boston Custom House) to offer me the freedom of the house, which I declined for the reasons assigned in the annexed letter.

"Gentlemen, while I am duly sensible of your kindness, I am obliged decline its acceptance, for reasons which you must deem satisfactory. If I accepted it, and praised the performers and performances, as I am well disposed to do, whenever I can with justice and

propriety, it would be said that I was paying for my seat by puffing. On the other hand, should I exercise any severity, as would sometimes be proper (but which I shall always do with reluctance) I would be charged with ingratitude for making so ill a return for your kindness. To avoid all such ill natured observations, I will hold myself free to censure or praise as the case may require.

Yours, &amp;c.

M. CAREY."

In the fall of 1796, I was zealously engaged with half a dozen or more citizens in the formation of a Sunday School Society, the first, I believe, ever established in this country, of which the Right Rev. Bishop White was and is President. This led to the formation of the many hundreds, that exist at present in the United States.

About the year 1796, William Cobbet, who had previously written and published anonymously, came before the public in *propria persona*, as a writer and publisher.

In the account of his life, published about that period, he made mention of me in rather favorable terms.—Some sorry scribblers, who did not dare to attack him themselves, strove to embroil us together; and the most practicable means they could devise to accomplish this sinister and unworthy purpose, was, to hold out the idea, that he was afraid of me. This was distinctly stated in four pamphlets and several newspapers.

This was copying the example set by children, in a crowd of their fellows, who, when any little bickering takes place between two of their companions, pat each on the back, and encourage him to begin the onset, by persuading him that his antagonist is afraid of him. Of this very humane and honorable propensity, Smollet availed himself in Peregrine Pickle, where, in a duel between Jolter and Pallet, both consummate cowards, to prevent them from running away, to which denouement both were inclined, they were pushed towards each other by Pickle and Tom Pipes. One of these doughty heroes, having uttered something like an Indian yell, so terrified the other, that he ran off, as if a roaring lion was at his heels.

I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I was very much afraid of Cobbet, and dreaded to enter the lists with such a powerful adversary, a controversy with whom I regarded as a most serious evil. He had displayed his talents as a formidable antagonist both before and after laying aside his incognito. It is not wonderful, therefore, that I sought to avoid polemics with him, knowing the extreme severity of his pen—the great influence he had on public opinion—and the danger of his injuring me in my business and in my standing in society—as there is no character, however pure or sacred, that is not more or less impaired by a succession of attacks by a powerful writer. The case of General Washington affords a pregnant proof of the correctness of this theory; for notwithstanding his inestimable services, his immaculate character, and the veneration in which he was held, not merely by the great body of his fellow citizens, but by the civilized world, his standing was temporarily impaired among a large portion of his fellow citizens, by the reiterated abuse he received during the effervescence that took place in consequence of his signature of Jay's Treaty. When such was the fate of this mighty Cedar of Lebanon, what chance would such a slender reed as I stand, under similar circumstances?

One of those scribblers, a certain Joseph Scott, wrote a pamphlet against Cobbet, entitled the Blue Shop, in allusion to the colour of his windows and shutters. In the preface he made some kind mention of me, and brought it and the title to me previously to publication, to inquire whether, in common with other booksellers, I would allow it to be advertised for sale in my store. I urged and prayed him to omit the part in question, lest it might commit me with Cobbet.



But the malignancy of all the mules in Andalusia, could not exceed that of Scott. He would not alter an iota, although I solemnly declared that on no other terms would I allow it to enter my store. Be it known that I had not seen the pamphlet, or known any thing of its having been in the press, or even written, before that moment. During the time he was engaged on it, I was absent from Philadelphia in Boston.

Being always of opinion, that prevention is far better than cure, I wrote Cobbet the following letter, to countervail the efforts of those who sought to array us against each other.

“SEPTEMBER 6, 1796.

“Sir,—I regret exceedingly the introduction of my name into your Life; not that I have any reason to complain of the manner in which it is done; for, without any affectation of modesty, I think the compliments paid me are rather greater than I deserve.

“My regret arises from the occasion it has since given to no less than four writers to couple our names together—and apparently with a view to lead to a literary warfare between us.

“I feel no hesitation about declaring, that this would, for various reasons, be to me highly disagreeable. My wish is to live peaceably; therefore I am desirous to avoid controversies of every kind. My business demands my whole attention; therefore I want the leisure such an irksome affair would require; and moreover, every prudent man would sedulously seek to avoid, while it could be avoided without dishonour, the probable issue of a controversy carried on, as, I believe, ours would be.

“For these, and other reasons, I am induced to take this step, as a precautionary measure; according to the old adage, ‘an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.’

“I therefore inform you, that I have never written or published a line or sentence respecting you; and that it is my determination to pursue the same line of conduct, unless (which I hope will not be the case) I am driven to a different course by unprovoked aggression.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MATHEW CAREY.”

“Mr. William Cobbet.”

To this he made the following courteous reply:

PHILA. 7th Sept. 1796.

“Sir,—Hurry has prevented me from answering your polite note sooner. Be assured, that you cannot have a greater aversion to a paper war than I have, or a greater contempt for the miserable wretches who have manifested the malicious desire of involving us in one. It is my sincere desire to live in peace with all the booksellers—and towards none does this desire direct itself [more] than towards Mr. Carey.

I am your most humble and obedient servant,  
“Mr. M. Carey.” W. COBBET.”

## LETTER VII.

Some months afterwards I was attacked in the United States Gazette, by John Ward Fenno, a rash, thoughtless, and imprudent young man, who had succeeded his father in the proprietorship and management of that paper. Cobbet, who patronized Fenno, copied into “the Porcupine’s Gazette” some of that young man’s abuse.

Still desirous of avoiding, if possible, an open collision with a man whom I justly regarded as a most formidable antagonist, I wrote him the following letter.

“Mr. Coaster,—I am concerned to find that you appear disposed to force me into a paper warfare with you, whether I will or no. This does not correspond with the declaration in your billet of September 7, ‘96—‘It is my sincere desire to live in peace with all the

booksellers—and towards none does this desire direct itself [more] than towards Mr. Carey.’

“The aversion I formerly expressed to this warfare has not diminished. On the contrary, it is stronger than ever. I therefore make this one more effort to avoid it. Should we be engaged in it, I am determined to be able to exculpate myself from its consequences, whatever they may be.

“I have merited no ill treatment at your hands, except for the sin of differing from you, *totò casò*, in political opinions. I have done you no injury. In the account of your Life, you professed your gratitude towards me; what has cancelled this debt?

“I have, you must acknowledge, taken no common pains to escape a contest with you. To me it would be as irksome, as can well be conceived. For if you slander and abuse me, what am I to do? Very unfortunately, in bodily strength I am far your inferior.—Were I, as, in my humble opinion, every man ought, in such a case, to attempt to procure redress by the cudgel, for the injuries of the pen, it is more than probable I should only meet with an aggravation of the injury. But it is no reason, because I am weaker than you, that I am therefore to be subject to your unprovoked attacks.

“Shall I return slander for slander, abuse for abuse? In this line I am unpractised. I despise a recurrence to those weapons. Besides, the utmost of my ingenuity could devise nothing to add to what has been written against you ineffectually. I scorn to borrow scurrility from any man. I hope there is no vanity in the declaration, that in fair, open, gentlemanly controversy, there lives not a man from whom I would shrink—but abuse I have never employed, and never shall willingly.

“Should I sue you for damages?—Poor satisfaction to be derived from dancing attendance in courts, to have perhaps a few hundred dollars damages decreed, after an expense of time worth probably double the amount!

“What other alternative remains? You fight no duels. In this latter mode, the inequality arising from a disparity of strength and size, and from my lameness, is done away. But to this *ultima ratio* there are strong objections. Arms have been your trade for years: I have never drawn but two triggers in my life. Here, therefore, the inequality returns, though not in so great a degree. But this is not my only objection. I have a wife and four small children to support. On my industry they depend. I owe it to them to incur no honourably-avoidable risk; this motive, and a decent regard for the laws of the state, induce me to take every step that can be taken with propriety, to avert a commencement of hostilities. But powerful as these motives are, and powerful they must surely be allowed, no man shall abuse or insult me with impunity.

“I once more, sir, in the same spirit as dictated my former letter, declare, that I have never written or published a line or sentence against you. I have long done writing on politics. I have no concern in nor control over the Daily Advertiser; and cannot, therefore, be responsible for its contents. In fact, although I regard it as extremely well conducted in general, yet articles have appeared in it, which I disapprove as much as any thing that has ever appeared in your paper.

“I should be extremely sorry to have this letter ascribed, on the one hand, to a desire of intimidating you, or, on the other, to any fear of you. They are both equally remote from my heart. My wish is peace. I have done nothing to provoke hostility. As long as in my power, I shall avoid it—when it comes, I shall know how to meet it.

“This letter, like my former, is intended for your own perusal. The other, contrary, to my wishes, was divulged. Some anonymous miscreant scoundrel, whom perhaps I may discover and repay, stated it to

be a deprecation of your wrath, for injuries I had offered. Heaven and hell are not more opposed to each other, than this idea is to truth.

#### MATHEW CAREY."

To this he made a harsh and angry reply, and continued to copy Fenno's squibs. I then sought to intimidate him, and wrote him the most severe letter I ever penned, of which I annex a specimen.

"Wretch as you are, accused by God, and hated by man, the most tremendous scourge that hell ever vomited forth to curse a people, by sowing discord among them, I desire not the honour or credit of being abused or vilified by you. I have not leisure to attend to a controversy, unless I am driven to recommence the trade of newspaper printing, and make a profession of scribbling; this, if I cannot escape your coarse, low-lived abuse, I shall certainly and infallibly do—and then I will hold you up to the execration of mankind.

"But no; I will never disgrace my paper with your detested name. Callous and case-hardened, you draw subsistence from your infamy and notoriety. "His'd and hooted by the pointing crowd," you care not, provided you can amass money enough to secure you a competence at the close of your dishonorable career.

But your writings I shall so cut up, and strip of their sophistry, as to make 'Folly's self to stare' and wonder how she could possibly have been so long duped by you.

"To send a challenge to a blasted, posted, loathsome coward, who, a disgrace to the name of a soldier, when he was called to account for his villainy, hen-heartedly took refuge under the strong arm of the law, and swore his life against the challenger, would sink me almost to a level with yourself. But, detested miscreant, if ever you dare approach the throne of heaven, pour out thanksgivings that I am so far inferior to you in bodily strength. Were I able to grapple with you single-handed, I swear by all my hopes of happiness, the inmost recesses of your dungeon-like labyrinths should not screen you from my vengeance! Heavens! what pride! what pleasure! I should feel in dragging you reeking from your den, and cow-skinning you, till Argus himself should not be able to perceive a hair's breadth upon your carcass but sore upon sore; so that were you and Lazarus candidates for the commiseration of the public, you would carry off the palm."

DECEMBER 22d, 1798.

It has been generally supposed, and with some appearance of justice, that I was in a violent passion when I wrote this letter. This is a great error.—Mrs. Carey sat opposite to me, while I was writing; and, as I wrote a dozen or twenty lines, I read them to her, and we burst into a fit of laughter at the extreme severity of the style—after which I resumed my pen.

This letter did not produce the effect of silencing him. However he seemed undetermined for some days what to do. The letter was sent on a Monday, and unnoticed by him till the following Saturday, when he opened his batteries on me—and his attacks became more virulent than before. This induced me to publish a "Plumb Pudding for Peter Porcupine," in which I handled him with great severity in his own abusive style, and therein published our correspondence.

To turn this publication into ridicule, he sent his servant with some venison and jelly between two plates,

\* I should have some reluctance about republishing these extracts and letters, but that all the abuse ever levelled at me by Cobbet is embelmed in "Cobbet's works" published in London in the year 1801, in 12 vols. and will be read when I am dead and gone. It is therefore not improper to record some portion of the off set matter.

in return for the Plumb Pudding. I did not feel disposed to let the affair pass *sub silentio*—and sent back his present by a stout Irish porter, above six feet high, with directions to let the plates fall in the middle of Cobbet's store, and, if possible, in his presence, and to be ready to defend himself in the event of aggression, pledging myself that I would, as far as the nature of the case permitted, bear him harmless. He performed the service faithfully, as he said—gave a scowling look of defiance at Cobbet, and came away unmolested.

This publication gave rise to a slight altercation with Robert Goodloe Harper. On the day of publication, he came to my store in company with Messrs. Swift, Coit and Dana, three members of Congress, and observed—"I understand you have been giving it to Cobbet."—"Yea" says I, "I have treated him in his own style I have no idea of fighting a man with a small sword, who has a wheelbarrow full of brickbats to knock my brains out. I have given him brickbat for brickbat." After some further conversation, "Give me," says he, "a copy; for I like to read all these black-guard things." Irritated by this rudeness, I said, "then, sir, you must like to read your own speeches; for by — they are among the most black-guard things that have appeared in this country." He hit his lip, changed colour, and appeared undetermined whether or not to knock me down, which he could readily have done. At length, he walked off quietly, with tarnished laurels. I was, as may be supposed, tickled with the result, and mentioned the affair to all who came to my store in the afternoon. It made its way to the beer houses in the evening; to the Aurora in the morning; and into a large portion of the Democratic papers throughout the Union in due course. Philadelphia, December 28, 1833.

#### LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye

Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;

And as she marks the moments fly,

While death creeps on with noiseless tread,

Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps,

With beating heart! "Love never sleeps!"

Yet, e'en that sad and fragile form

Forgets the tumult of her breast;

Despite the horrors of the storm,

O'erburthen'd nature sinks to rest;

But o'er them both another keeps

His midnight watch—"Love never sleeps!"

Around—above—the angel bands

Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;

With pitying eyes, and eager hands

They raise the soul to hope again;

Free as the air, their pity sweeps

The storms of time! "Love never sleeps!"

And round—beneath—and over all,

O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,

A higher bends! The slightest call

Is answer'd; and relief is given:

In hours of woe, when sorrow steep

The heart in pain—"He never sleeps!"

Oh! God of love! our eyes to thee,

Tired of the world's false radiance, turn!

And as we view thy purity

We feel our hearts within us burn;

Convinced, that in the lowest depths

Of human ill—"Love never sleeps!"

M. N.—The nature of man, in one point of view, is so rich, so varied,—in another, so enigmatical, so incomprehensible, that it may well excite our fears.—The depth of the ocean furnishes forests of coral and beds of pearls; but they also are the abode of the most hideous monsters.



Written for the Cooks.

## CONVERSATION ON HUMAN NATURE AND KNOWLEDGE.

As steel by steel is polish'd and refined,  
So mind is brighten'd by its kindred mind,  
By conversation half our bliss is given;  
And social meeting made an earthly Heaven;  
A mutual benefit is thus bestowed—  
And mutual power is gain'd for doing good.

"I have my own opinion concerning all things," said Mr. Wiscacre, as he seated himself in the garret of a literary student, and picked up one of the periodical publications of the day. "I have my opinion of all things, and I never yet could see the use of so much printing and publishing. The world is inundated with books—the shelves of our libraries groan with thousands of volumes, which are never read, and is the world any wiser now than in ancient times, when books were written with the pen and consequently, were so high in price, and so scarce that few could obtain them?"

*Student.* "The world has, perhaps, been ever nearly the same in virtue, and the mind of man from time immemorial, has been active in the dissemination of knowledge. If ancient books were scarce, philosophers were plenty to illuminate the world, by their lectures and conversations. Many of them travelled from Greece into distant regions to enlighten the ignorant, and consequently to increase their happiness. It is my opinion that the world has ever been the same, both in virtue and intelligence, though the wheel of fortune has been continually turning. As it is in society where some families once opulent became poor, and vice versa, so it has been with the world in matters of learning and virtue. Countries which once shone on the list of fame, have long since gone down to Gothic ignorance and barbarian darkness, while others have risen from obscurity and the long night of time, to splendour and glory. The mind of man will ever be active, hence idleness is the parent of crime; for if the mind has not the resource of learning, it will engage itself in reflections upon ignoble and vicious objects."

*Wiscacre.* "I infer from your reasoning, that you think all men happy in proportion to their knowledge. You certainly cannot mean it for the most ignorant are, in my opinion, the most happy."

*Student.* "Your proposition ends almost in a paradox. It is true that small things give pleasure to the ignorant mind, upon which the wise man would look down upon in contempt. On the contrary, having little sensibility, and being unconscious of his deficiency, the ignorant man feels not the neglect of the world, and writhes not beneath the envy of cotemporary rivals. But then his happiness is only negative, a mere ease originating in the absence of sensibility. Like the brute, he eats and sleeps without pain, but is entirely ignorant of that exquisite happiness which springs in the mind capable of reflecting and feeling the sublime delights of life and learning. In the one happiness is negative, and in the other positive."

19\*

*Wiscacre.* "I must confess I am one of those who believe that the human race, would be happier in a state of nature. You must confess that whenever civilization and christianity have been carried into a nation of barbarians, they have become more vicious and wretched. Witness the North American Indians."

*Student.* "Ay, witness the North American Indians. But has it been the introduction of the arts, and moral principles of civilisation—it has been the introduction of the glorious gospel, teaching humility, love, and good fellowship to all men, which has degraded the condition of the North American Indians? No, sir, it has been the introduction of our vices, not our virtues. To them drunkenness has been more fatal than Capua was to Hannibal, or the Syrens to the mariners of Ulysses."

*Wiscacre.* "Are you prepared to say that the introduction of civilization and christianity never injured a nation or degraded a people?"

*Student.* "I am: and I am equally prepared to say, that the downfall of christianity would be the ruin of all. Take away the restraints imposed by religion, and where would the unbridled passions of man lead him? Witness the fatal anarchy which skepticism introduced into France. The very moment that christianity was abolished, the reign of terror commenced, and no sooner did the bloody Robespierre become a skeptic, than he also became a tyrant. So much was Napoleon Bonaparte convinced that skepticism paved the way for the revolution in France, that he once observed, while standing by his tomb, that it would have been better for France, had Jean Jacques Rousseau never lived. The doctrines of the French Illuminati, the doctrines of Voltaire, of Mirabeau, D'Alembert, Maupertuis and a hundred others, had a direct tendency to throw off that restraint which chains man to his duty, and to stimulate the worst passions of his nature."

*Wiscacre.* "Do you not believe that there were other and greater causes which led to the French Revolution?"

*Student.* "I do not; for the first spread of skepticism changed men into tigers. No sooner did they throw off their allegiance to God, and their fears of futurity, than they were prepared for crime; and ready to baptize the land in the blood of their fathers and brothers."

*Wiscacre.* "Then you are in favour of christianity, even putting aside future rewards and punishments?"

*Student.* "Yes, sir; I believe that christianity makes better society, and better men, and even admitting that there were no futurity, I would still give my vote in favour of its being upheld and retained."

*Wiscacre.* "In your zeal you forget how many oceans of blood have been shed by, and how many wars have been the consequence of the spirit of christianity. Witness the Crusades, the fires of Smithfield, and —"

*Student.* "But you must recollect that they sprung not from the spirit of christianity, but from a mistaken notion of it. Christianity possesses inherent virtue, and cannot be charged with the follies of man, neither can those follies bring disgrace upon it. Christ only died

for, or to redeem the sins of mankind; he was not chargeable with them."

*Wiseacre.* "Well, I must confess that I am in some degree skeptically inclined, more from principle, however, than through pride. I am sometimes inclined to doubt the existence of the Supreme Being."

*Student.* "No man in his senses can do that. I would advise you never to acknowledge it, for the greater mass of mankind are against you, and consequently you will gain an unenvied fame. Can you be blind to the evidences around you? All nature cries aloud, and declares the existence of a God. There is not a fruit that reddens in the sun, there is not a flower that blushes in the light, nor a blade of grass that waves in the wind but that testifies to the great architect divine. Who but a Superior Being could form the flower, and paint it with its delicate tints? Who but God, could have formed the complicated creature, man, and united two such dissimilar natures as mind and matter, making each dependant on the other?"

*Wiseacre.* "I do not believe in the union of mind and matter. I am a firm believer in the doctrines of Dr. Priestly, and other materialists, who tell us that the fibres of the brain when moving give us our ideas, and constitute what we call mind. In other words, I believe that the soul or mind is the life, and consequently that it pervades the whole body and ceases with its vitality."

*Student.* "Then if a man have the misfortune to have his arm or leg amputated, he loses a corresponding part of his soul. It matters not, however, as you believe in annihilation."

*Wiseacre.* "You mistake me, sir; permit me to explain. Scripture tells us that God approached Adam in the garden of Eden, and breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul. Now we are told by some of the best scholars, that this is a wrong translation; and that it should have been 'the breath of lives.' Now according to a great writer, this breath of lives signifies the five senses, without which, or at the cessation of which, man instantly ceases to exist. Through the five senses we gain all our ideas; for it is utterly impossible to imagine any thing that we have not previously seen, heard of, smelt, tasted or felt. You mistake in supposing I doubt the immortality of the soul."

*Student.* "Then your doctrine seems inconsistent. If your soul is a part of, and dependant upon your body, it cannot leave it after death. How can you reconcile this?"

*Wiseacre.* "You have not a proper idea, sir, of the doctrine of materialism. When a common machine, stops the substance which it manufactures stops also; so it is with the machine called man. The brain, aided by the external power of the senses, manufactures ideas or thoughts, or in other words the mind. Now, sir, it is evident, that so soon as the brain and the senses become quiescent, the mind must also cease."

*Student.* "No doubt you think your reasoning ingenious; but it is mere theory at last, without proof."

*Wiseacre.* "Not so, sir; I will prove it. Sup-

pose a man to receive a fracture of the arm, thigh or leg, you will observe that his mind is still clear and unobscured; but suppose his skull is fractured so as to obstruct the movement of the fibres of the brain, where then is the mind? Suppose a man drowned and taken from the water lifeless; his heart is still, his body is cold, and would never recover without the aid of artificial means. His heart is again set in motion, the brain goes on, the senses are awakened, and he is again a living soul. Ask him where his soul was during the period he was dead, and he will tell you he has no consciousness of the elapse of time. A man dies and lies in the grave thousands of years, without any consciousness of the elapse of time. When we have slept a number of hours, the time appears but as a moment, though we are still living, and if we have a little consciousness in our sleep, what idea of time's flight can we have in the grave."

*Student.* "I object to your proof. In the first place, the drowned man is not dead, the vital principle is still there, and we know not where life leaves off, and death begins. We have no proof of death but putrefaction; and no man was ever resuscitated after putrefaction had taken place. In the second place, your theory runs counter to Holy Writ, which positively declares that the soul not only leaves the body after death, but, that it goes to happiness or misery. Your theory of materialism is at best but an Utopian dream, which can be productive of no benefit either to the living or the dead. It is a subject which we never can fathom until death sets the prisoner free. I will agree with you that there are some parts of knowledge which are useless. God has given us sufficient intellect to understand all in this world that can be of use to us; but when we undertake to go beyond our limit, all is darkness and confusion. A finite mind cannot comprehend infinite things, and when we dive into the origin of first causes we seek knowledge which is useless, and beyond our reach. Still an increase of ordinary knowledge is an increase of happiness. The cultivated mind is happy in its own reflections—whether in solitude or the crowded hall, while the vacant mind must seek for recreation and amusement in external objects. How listless, how uneasy is the ignorant mind when left alone—while to the cultivated one, every flower, and every charm of nature is ripe with happiness."

*Wiseacre.* "I hold in my hand one of the common periodicals of the day—filled with poetry, anecdotes, and tales of love and life. Of what benefit to mankind are such writings?"

*Student.* "Of the greatest benefits, as I shall prove. Polite literature, and light reading, have a tendency to refine, to exalt and elevate the tone of society. Who has not noticed the powerful effect of ridicule on the follies of a whole community or nation, and what melancholy mind has not reaped the advantage of wit in many a hearty laugh. The Spectator of Addison revolutionized the corrupt society of London. Poetry and tales of which you speak contemptibly, have had their advantages in all ages. He who has read most poetry, knows the most of

refined feelings, for it has a direct tendency to refine the heart. What an unbounded influence have national songs and ballads over the patriotic feelings of the people. What wanderer on the shores of Europe has not shed tears while listening to the plaintive air of "*Home, sweet Home!*" What patriotic heart has not leaped, listening to the "*Star Spangled Banner!*" Literary fiction cultivates in us the finest principles, stimulating us to the practice of virtue, benevolence, gratitude, friendship, and many other duties, without the observance of which, life is but a misanthropic pilgrimage, and society a desert or wilderness."

*Wiseacre.* "But do you not think that one active benefactor bestows on mankind more benefits than all the sciences? For instance, Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam boat, or Dr. Franklin."

*Student.* "If you have reflected a moment, you would have seen that these men owed more than half their usefulness to their knowledge of the sciences. What would either of them have done without an acquaintance with mathematics and natural philosophy? What would commerce be without that little instrument, the compass, the offspring of science? Mankind do not know how much they are indebted to the sciences. The cook who is making bread, and the man whom you see from the window putting a tire on a wheel, do not know that they are performing chymical operations. He heats the iron, places it upon the wheel, and then pours water on it, though he is not acquainted with the grand law in nature that cold contracts, and heat expands all bodies. He does not know that he is operating under the same law when he heats the steel tool red hot, and plunges it into cold water or oil to make it hard. Neither does he who carbonizes iron, to convert it into steel, know the nature of carbon, or that it is one of the few grand principles of nature. The good housewife, also, makes her soap without any idea that she is so much indebted to science."

*Wiseacre.* "I will agree with you that some of the sciences, particularly, those upon which the arts are founded and dependent, have been useful to mankind. But there is Natural History —"

*Student.* "Natural History is of the greatest use to mankind in many points of view. Without its aid we never should have known the strength and fleetness of the horse, or the luxury of the patient cow. Without the study of Natural History, we could not have known the fidelity of the dog, and the friendship of the dignified and familiar cat. We should also have remained strangers to the useful sheep, and never have known the luxury of animal food. Of the qualities of game, we should have known nothing—to our palates, the innumerable luxuries of the sea would have been looked up. Nothing more strongly convinces us of the existence of a Supreme Being, than the study of Natural History. Look at the operations of the Silk Worm, and the Bee, and you will at once acknowledge that chance never created them. See the ingenuity displayed in the Lobster. He is so firmly

incased in his shell, that he cannot slip out of it, and yet if it remain upon him, he cannot grow. So avoid this dilemma, at a certain period the shell bursts, and the naked animal is liberated. How wisely has God distributed the various animals over the earth, to benefit man! On the great deserts where man has no fixed habitation, he has placed the Camel, which is capable of enduring fatigue, where the horse would expire for want of water and food. In Lapland, where eternal snows covers the earth, the Rein Deer is placed, to the eye of which is fitted a skin, in the centre of which is a small aperture, through which the animal may see without having his eye injured by the drifting flakes of frozen snow. The horse would perish in either situation; for he has neither the water reservoir of the Camel to supply him on the desert, nor the eye shield of the Rein Deer to protect his eye from the frozen snow. Here you see the evident intention of the Deity; for if chance had formed them, it is more than probable that they would have chanced to have been stationed in the wrong place, or the qualities of one given to another."

*Wiseacre.* "If a knowledge of science points out and proves the existence of the Deity, why are so many learned men skeptics? Why were Voltaire, Volney, and Rousseau, among the French; and Hume, Gibbon, and others among the English, unbelievers? Can you fathom the mystery?"

*Student.* "Fashion governs everything. Many learned men, ashamed of old established opinions, wish to dazzle the world with something new—and to attract attention by the singularity of their doctrines. Neither Voltaire nor Gibbon, neither Hume nor Paine, would ever have been so universally known, had they not struck at, and attempted to overthrow the established opinions of the religious world. We are told by the ancient historians, that Erostratus set fire to the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, to immortalize his name, he having despaired by honorable means of transmitting his reputation to posterity. Pride no doubt instigated men in the first instances to become skeptics—and many afterwards were actuated by pride in patterning after them. The French school of Deists and Atheists, attempted to propagate their doctrines in England, and succeeded in corrupting a few of the profligate,—but they were met by such men as Addison, Cowper, and Johnson, and put to flight. When the talented and pious Addison was on his death bed, he sent for his son-in-law, a wild young infidel, and after bearing witness of the purity of the christian religion, he added in a triumphant tone—"see how a christian can die!" A strong proof that all learned skeptics affect their doctrines through pride, is the fact that those doctrines will not support them in the hour of death. Voltaire's pride supported him on his death bed whenever his pupils were present, and he cried—"Crush the wretch," meaning Jesus Christ; but so soon as they were absent he cried to his offended God, to have mercy upon him. Many men have become skeptics merely through a low desire to imitate others, whom they have considered their superiors. Nothing is more contemptible

than to affect to imitate the follies and weaknesses of great or distinguished men."

*Wiseacre.* "Do you not believe the world is governed too much by Priestcraft and delusion?"

*Student.* "That is the old cry among infidels. Yet it must be admitted that there is too much superstition, bigotry and fanaticism—but they are all palliated by the fact that they originate in ignorance. The christian religion is not chargeable with them; for they spring from a mistaken notion of it, and no sooner is the light of knowledge shed upon the minds of men, than they fly before it as the mists of night before the rising orb of day. On the contrary, it is a melancholy fact that an increase of knowledge in any country, always brings with it a corresponding increase of shrewdness, duplicity, and crime. The Roman people were never more wicked, than when they were in the plenitude of knowledge, and at the height of their glory. Our cities are more enlightened than smaller communities, and the ratio of crime is far greater. This may be accounted for. It is said, that it is a bad rule which will not work both ways. Knowledge gives to a good man a greater capacity to do good, and vice versa; when a naturally bad man becomes enlightened, his capacity for doing evil, is greater because his mind has power to invent stratagems and evil designs which the ignorant would never dream of."

*Wiseacre.* "As the ancient said to Paul, 'al-moest thou persuade me to be a christian,' and to love knowledge. Were it not too late, I would immediately apply myself to the acquisition of both."

*Student.* "It is never too late to do good. No man has an idea of what he may perform with diligent attention, and properly directed genius. Some of the most talented and learned men, have risen to great eminence by their own exertions from the lowest obscurity. Great philosophers have contended in early life with obscurity, poverty, and deficient education. Genius with industry will shine."

*Wiseacre.* "Have you any examples within the scope of your recollection?"

*Student.* "I have, and I might mention a long list of such names as Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Fulton, in this country, and Herschell, Adam Clark, and Simpson, the mathematician, in England."

*Wiseacre.* "If I understand you right, you are a believer in genius. Some philosophers teach the doctrine that there is no such thing as genius; that all have an equal capacity for learning; and that the superior success of some, depends upon superior advantages or opportunities, and more laborious application. This is, I must confess, most flattering. Will you favour me with your opinion on the subject?"

*Student.* "I will do so with pleasure; for conversation is enumerated by the great Dr. Watts, as one of the great means of increasing knowledge. It is as certain that one mind may possess a superior capacity to another, as that one memory is superior to that faculty in another mind. Witness two children of the same parents. Both have the same opportunity and the same teacher. That one with a superior

capacity will have a desire for knowledge; for that desire always follows genius, and he will readily acquire whatever he attempts, while the other will toil on without any material increase. The one will acquire without effort, that which the other never can master with laborious application. Some men appear to have an universal genius for the acquirement of the sciences, or the arts as it may happen. They will take upon art which they have never learned, and excel those who have spent their lives in the employment. It appears that in the most of families there is one child which possesses more talent than all the rest—and hence it is exceedingly rare that more than one rises to distinction in the same family. There is as much difference between genius and mere application as there is between reason and instinct."

*Wiseacre.* "You cannot convince me that there is any difference between the reason of man, and the instinct of brute creation. Do you call instinct inferior or superior to reason?"

*Student.* "It is inferior by all means. Instinct is not a less degree of reason, as cold is the absent of heat—but it is, in my opinion, quite a different principle. It supplies in the brute the want of judgment as well as reason. It is to the brute precisely what reason is to man, though not the same principle."

*Wiseacre.* "You say it is inferior to reason. Can man with all his ingenious art build a bird's nest?"

*Student.* "No, sir; for the best reason in the world, he has not the materials required. The nest is modelled by the body of the bird, and hence you see again that God fits every thing to circumstances."

*Wiseacre.* "There is one act performed by the common hen, which I think will convince you that instinct is nothing less than reason. In summer when the weather is warm, the hen comes off from her nest and remains a long time, whereas, in winter her stay from her eggs is of short duration, proving that she is aware that should she remain off so long in the winter, the eggs would chill, and the young chick die. Then how reasonable does she act in turning over her eggs every day and changing the place of those which have had least warmth."

*Student.* "Your reasoning appears very reasonable, but it will not stand the test of scrutiny. The hen will sit upon painted blocks or the eggs of a goose without knowing the difference, and sometimes when robbed will sit upon the ground. She will hatch the eggs of the duck, and when the young ducks enter the water, will fly along the shore, alarmed for their safety. Now had she a particle of reason, she would know that they are ducks, and consequently fitted by nature for swimming in the water. No, sir, God never intended to endow these creatures with reason, because they would then have become fearful of death from a knowledge of it, and consequently, would have either resisted man, or fled from him in terror."

*Wiseacre.* "Indeed, sir, you hem me in on every side and if you refute my next proposition, I shall give up the contest and acknowledge you, as I must, my superior in knowledge. I was once travelling over an old bridge, through

which my horse broke and injured his leg. The next year I had occasion to travel, not over the same bridge to be sure; for a new one had been put in its place; the horse refused to go over, nor could I force him over. It was at that place he had been injured, and he remembered it. Are you prepared to say that he did not reason?"

*Student.* "I will readily agree that your horse remembered having been injured; for horses have the faculty of memory—but I will not agree that he reasoned correctly; for if he had he would have been convinced, that though he fell through an old decayed bridge, it was no reason he should fall through a new one, made strong enough to bear a hundred times his weight."

*Wiseacre.* "You are right, sir; I see my error and resign the contest. I am also convinced of the value of knowledge, and the pleasure I have enjoyed during this conversation convinces me that you are right in saying that where there is an increase of knowledge, there is an increase of happiness. The correct philosophical ideas I have gained from your reasoning will have a tendency to do away my skeptical notions which I now confess, originated in ignorance."

*Student.* "The study of philosophy either makes us better or worse—depending upon the use we make of our knowledge. In like manner the greatest blessing may become a curse."

*Wiseacre.* "Well, sir, for the present I must bid you adieu. There are other subjects I should be happy to discuss with you, and shall give myself the pleasure of calling again in your garret."

*Student.* "Sir, I shall be extremely happy to see you. Adieu!"

MILFORD BARD.

(From a volume of Poems, by John Mackay Wilson.)

### THE CLYDE AND TWEED.

Nursed on a rocky mountain's breast,  
Two twin-born rivers played;  
And parting, one rushed fleetly west,  
The other eastward strayed.

The Clyde rolled on,—a warrior's song  
Of triumph; while the Tweed  
With stillly murmur swept along,  
Its voice the shepherd's reed.

A bridegroom leaping light with joy.  
On, onward bounded Clyde;  
The Tweed, a maiden, timid, coy,  
Moved like a blushing bride.

The Clyde rushed forth in glory, where  
The sunbeams revelled wild;  
The Tweed in beauty, softly, fair,  
Was kissed by moonlight mild.

Sublimity and Beauty's tread  
Impressed their favoured Clyde;  
While loveliness hung o'er the Tweed,  
And slumbered on its side.

The Clyde embraced a golden Firth,  
Where lake and mountain shone,  
And fairy islands left the earth  
To deck their marriage throne.

The Tweed her deckings cast aside,  
Pain was her bridal bed—  
Fair Tweed an unadorned bride  
The hoary Ocean wed.

### Biographical Sketch of Haydn.

Joseph HAYDN, born 1732, in the village of Rohaur on the borders of Hungary and Austria. His father, a poor wheelwright, played on the harp on Sundays, his mother accompanying with her voice. When the boy was five years old, he used, during his parents' performance, to make motions with a board and a stick, as if he was playing the violin. A schoolmaster, whom accident led to this concert, observing that Joseph kept good time, asked permission to take him to his school. Here he learned to read and write, and received instruction in singing and in playing on the violin and other instruments. After he had been here 2 years, he became, at the age of 8 years, a chorister in St. Stephen's. At the age of ten years, he composed pieces for six or eight voices. "I then thought," he afterwards remarked, laughingly, "that the blacker the paper, the finer the music." With his fine soprano, he lost his place, in his 16th year. His situation was now very discouraging, and he had a foretaste of the difficulties which await an artist without fortune or patrons. He gave instructions in music, played in the orchestra, and occupied himself with composing. "With my worm-eaten harpsichord," said he, "I did not envy the lot of kings." At that time, the six first sonatas of Emanuel Bach fell into his hands. "I did not leave the harpsichord," said he, "until they were played through, from beginning to end; and any one, who knows me, must perceive that I owe much to Emanuel Bach; that I have carefully studied his style; and he himself once paid me a compliment about it." The youth at length had the good fortune to become acquainted with Mlle. de Martinez, the friend of Metastasio. He instructed her in singing and playing on the harpsichord, for which he received his board and lodging. The first opera-poet of the age and the first composer of the symphonies thus lived in the same house, though in very different circumstances. The poet, honored with the favor of the court, lived in the midst of pleasures, while the poor musician was obliged to pass the days in bed, for want of fuel. When Mlle. de Martinez left Vienna, Haydn was again plunged in the greatest distress. He retired into the suburb of Leopoldstadt, where a hair-dresser took him into his house. This residence had a fatal influence over the rest of his life. He married the daughter of his host, who poisoned his happiest days. Haydn was 18 years old when he composed his first quartetto, which met with general success, and encouraged him to new efforts. At the age of 19, he composed the Devil on Two Sticks, an opera which was forbidden, on account of its satirical character, after its third representation. Haydn now became so celebrated, that prince Esterhazy placed him at the head of his private chapel. For this prince he composed some beautiful symphonies,—a department in which he excelled all other composers,—and the greatest part of his fine quartetts. Here he also composed the symphony known by the name of *Haydn's Departure*, in which one instrument stops after another, and each musician, as soon as he has finished, puts out his light, rolls up his note book, and retires. When, after a period of about 20 years, the prince Esterhazy reduced his court, and Haydn received his discharge, he went to London, to which he had often been invited. In 1794, he made a second journey thither. He found a most splendid reception, and the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. In England, Haydn first became generally known; he had not enjoyed an extensive reputation in his native country. On his return from England, he purchased a small house and garden in one of the suburbs of Vienna. Here he composed the *Creation* and the *Seasons*. The former work, which is full of the fire of youth, was finished in his 65th year. The *Seasons*, his last work, was completed in 11 months. Among

his numerous works are also a *Te Deum*, a *Stabat*, many concerts, marches, masses, &c. Haydn made a new epoch in instrumental music. Inexhaustible in invention and execution, always new and original always surprising and satisfying the hearer, he ruled the taste of the age. His symphonies have all these characteristics. From him the quartette first obtained a spirit and an artful involution, which enraptured connoisseurs. Some years before his death, which happened May 31, 1809, the Dilettanti Society in Vienna concluded their winter concerts with a splendid performance of the Creation, to which Haydn was invited. His reception made a great impression on him, weakened as he was by age, but his own work affected him still more deeply; and, at the passage "It was light," overpowered by the harmony which he had himself created, the tears ran down his cheeks, and, with upraised arms, he cried, "Not from me, but thence does all this come!" He sunk under the weight of his feeling, and was obliged to be carried out.

#### SHERIDAN.

Taylor, of the Opera House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds, and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet no one can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went into a post chaise and four; he in one and his son following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty. They throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber, (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed, she brought the dress, which came to five and twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out a Mr. Grimm, (one of his jackalls) to say that he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house.

She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instructions, who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided: she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laugh heartily in the next room, at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill in ten, five and one pound notes. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I tell you what I would advise you to do with it my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon parchment!"

He once mounted a horse, which a horse dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his cheeks at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow.

Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with dull every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entry. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown.

I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much.

[From the Pen and Ink Sketches in the Liverpool Journal.]

#### ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1793, shortly after he had been called to the Bar. In the intricate case where he was Junior counsel, (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other cause,) the question in dispute was as to the validity of a will, which had been made almost *in articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form; the witnesses were examined and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant, possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on, in the hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "You," continued he, with all the garrulosity of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely there was life in him at the time." The expression frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth—the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbors are upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, *was the testator alive when he signed the will?*" The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed, his colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "there was life in him." The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit, that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while, as a salve for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her, "Patronage," has an incident not much different from this—perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters, named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miserably preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch



has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Again—One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp-witted little fellow named John Boyle, who published a periodical called "The Freeholder." As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity hedged the Corporation of Cork, his "Freeholder" was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precautions as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the Corporation to proceed against him for libel—if they could have done so, his punishment was certain; for, in those days, there was none but Corporation Juries—and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal *clique*, was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the Sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre at the same moment. A sudden crash drove the scribe against the Sheriff, and the concussion was such that the latter had two of his ribs broken. There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault, O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the Corporation) scarcely cross-examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolic compliments on the "well known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury," he proceeded to address them thus:

I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I can call no witnesses. As I have received a brief and its accompaniment—a tee, I must address you, I am not in the vein for making a long speech—so, gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story. Some years ago, I went specially, to Clonmel assizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair, and exchanged blows; again, that evening, they met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the road-side, murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner—in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called, to the surprise of every one, the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered; that the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes; that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the Whiteboy act; had fled, and only returned, with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy on his account. The case was clear; the prisoner was innocent. The Judge told the Jury that it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permission to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the foreman, with a long face, handed him the verdict, "guilty." Every one was astonished. "Good! God!" said the Judge, "of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely!" "No, my Lord," said the Foreman, "but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my grey mare three years ago."

The Cork Jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote; and the mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued with marked emphasis, "So gentlemen of the Jury, if

Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the Sheriff, he has libelled the Corporation; find him guilty by all means!" The application was so severe that the Jury, shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr. Boyle.

EASTER CUSTOM.



An account of the Biddenden Maids in Kent, Born joined at the hips and shoulders.

ON EASTER SUNDAY in every year after Divine Service in the afternoon in the PARISH OF BIDDENDEN, in the county of Kent, there are by the Church-wardens, given to the Strangers about 1000 Rolls with an impression on them similar to the Plate. The origin of this Custom is thus related.

In the year 1100 at Biddenden, in Kent, were born *ELIZABETH* and *MARY CHULKHURST*, *Joined together by the Hips and Shoulders, and who lived in that state Thirty Four Years!!* At the expiration of which time, one of them was taken ill and after a short period died; the surviving one was advised to be separated from the corpse which she absolutely refused by saying these words, "*as we came together, we will also go together,*" and about six hours after her sister's decease, she was taken ill and died also. A stone near the Rector's Pew marked with a diagonal line is shewn as the place of interment.

The moon on the east erial shone,  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Shewed the twin sisters and many a saint;  
Whose images on the glass were dyed;  
Mysterious maidens side by side,

The moon beam kissed the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a mystic stain.

It is further stated, that by their will, they bequeathed to the Church-wardens of the Parish of Bidden-den, and their successors, Church-wardens for ever, certain pieces or parcels of Land, in the Parish, containing about 20 Acres, which is hired at 40 Guinea per annum, and that in commemoration of this wonderful Phenomenon of Nature, the Rolls and about 300 Quarter loaves and Cheeses in proportion, should be given to the Poor Inhabitants of the Parish.

*Everyday book*

## ANECDOTES OF PARROTS.

From the Miscellany of Natural History.

In passing by a garden, (of a house the narrator visited at the Cape,) we heard a talking which our Portuguese, after attentively listening, pronounced to be "plain Dutch," nor was it long, before we had a specimen of as "plain English." After our ears were saluted with the squalling and screaming of a fowl in distress, and indeed, in the act of being strangled, which excited our astonishment, as we could see all around us, the voice of a boy under flagellation was heard, crying out most lustily, "O Lord, sir! O Lord, sir," "It was not I, sir; I never saw the old cock before, Sir." To unravel this mystery, we went back to the house once more; and, on making known the strange circumstance, we were conducted to the garden, and a tree was pointed out to us, where we saw, almost enveloped in the thick foliage, the arch deceiver in the shape of a large cockatoo. I was at a loss which to admire most, the half stifled and broken sobbing (if I may so call it) of the fowl, or the outcry of the boy, as detected in killing and stealing what belonged to his neighbor. The girl told us their father had lately given the amazing price of fifteen dollars for this bird in Cape Town; and that it spoke in different languages but that in all of them it made use of such gross expressions, and swore so profanely, they supposed they should soon be obliged to part with it. Nor would they stay long in the garden, possibly fearing a repetition of "plain Dutch," by the same author. It was a remarkably fine bird, in full feather, and nearly white: and, in shutting its eyes, a large sort of fan, as if turning on a spindle, rose up from either side from the neck, and covered them completely.

The following curious circumstances occurred with a couple of parrots in London. A tradesman who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, much to the annoyance of his neighbors, one of which was green and the other grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door,—the grey put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a-piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these Thebans lived had a projecting old fashioned front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves, hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office.—"The man with the leather!" was the reply,—to which the bird answered with his further store of language, which was "Oh, ho!" Presently, the door not being opened as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there!" said the green parrot again, "who's there!" said the man with the leather; "why don't you come down?" to which the parrot made the same answer, "Oh, ho!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker and rung furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the grey parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate." "To the gate!" an-

tered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and, moreover, imagined that the servants were battering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "Newgate," responded the grey parrot, just at the moment when his species was discovered.

What proved a peculiar sagacity in the imitations of Dr. Thornton's parrot, was that they were effected sometimes without his voice; for example, there was a scissors grinder, who came every day into the street where the bird was kept. All parrots have a file in the inside of the upper mandible, with which they grind down the under bill, and in this they are employed an hour every evening. This sound people usually mistake for mooring. This scraping was attempted, but the nice ear marked the difference; and he had recourse to his claws, which he struck against the perch, armed with tin, and observing the time of the turning of the wheel, he effected a most exact imitation, which he repeated every Friday. Sometimes the child's pap would be taken to the window, and beaten with a spoon; this he would immediately imitate by striking his bill against the side of his perch.

Parrots are sometimes extremely quick in picking up certain words that happen to strike their ears; and this they often do very untowardly, so as afterwards to repeat them with an apparently mischievous intent. We remember a parrot which belonged to a lady, which was the innocent means of getting its mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called one afternoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that turn towards petty scandal, to which we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. "Mrs. ——" exclaimed the owner of the parrot, "Mrs. ——" drinks like a fish." These words were hardly uttered, when the footman, in a loud voice, announced "Mrs. ——" and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came spilling into the room, "Mrs. ——" exclaimed the parrot, "Mrs. ——" drinks like a fish." Mrs. ——" wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragons, furiously, to confront the base and unknown maligner. "Mrs. ——" cried the parrot again. "Mrs. ——" drinks like a fish." "Madam," exclaimed Mrs. ——" to the lady of the house, "this is a piece of wickedness towards me which must have taken no small time to prepare. It shows the blackness of your heart towards one for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged." It was in vain that the mistress of the parrot rose and protested her innocence. Mrs. ——" flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice, "Mrs. ——"! Mrs. ——" drinks like a fish." Meanwhile, Mrs. ——"s lawyers, having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferretting out some information, that ultimately produced written proof, furnished by some secret enemy; that the lady's impudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance we have mentioned. An action of law was raised for defamation. The parrot was arrested, and carried into court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs. ——"s good fame; and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony; for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present, he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued to vociferate, "Mrs. ——"! Mrs. ——" drinks like a fish!" till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the parrot was cast with immense damages.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

# BUCK HORN TAVERN, A SCENE IN THE WEST.

It was during the latter part of September, in the year —, that it was my fortune to be travelling through the western district of Tennessee, and along the main road which now leads on from Bolivar to Paris.

The close of a pleasant day found me fatigued and weary, jogging along through a wild and thinly settled country, on the *quiver* for a resting place; the few *clearings* which I had passed, indicated contentment rather than wealth, or even comfort, and the hooting of owls, the long howl of some famished beast, the rapid passage of birds on their way to roost, together with the recollection of many stories of hair breath escapes and desperate conflict, which had taken place in the country through which I was passing, caused me to feel much solicitude as to where I should sleep, and made me think of home, and happiness, and the busy crowd of Atlantic cities—and when I contrasted all this with the fact, that I was a stranger in a strange land, and beheld the quiet, yet wild appearance of the dense and dark forest around me, I involuntarily tightened my reins, and urged my horse onward.

It was in this mood, that, upon turning an angle of the road, I discovered a horseman coming towards me in a sweeping trot—he was rather badly mounted; but his dress and appearance were of rather a better order, and *bespoke* him a genuine backwoodsman of some note.

Seeing that he was about to pass me, with a common salutation I hailed him to stop.

"Halt, Billy," said he, and Billy halted so suddenly, I thought his rider would have gone over his head—"An now stranger what is it you want with me, you must talk fast, for the way that I'm in a hurry is various."

"I shall be obliged to you," said I, "if you will tell me where I can sleep to night?"

"An is that all?—well, here's Buck Horn just a head of you, though its right rough there—an about eight miles further there is an excellent house—an if you don't like either of them *spes* you turn back with me; I've got but one cabin, and it is full of young ones, but I'll make you a pallet and take care of your horse."

"I thank you, sir, but my horse is tired, and I am anxious to get on."

"No thanks, no thanks, stop at Buck Horn, you can make out there for the night."

"But I think you said it was right rough—can I stand it?"

"Oh! stand it—yes—we stand any thing here—I only said so cause you seemed to be a stranger in these parts, an I thought you mightn't like their ways."

"Will they give me and my horse something to eat?"

"Oh! yes—stuff you both as full as tics."

"And a bed?"

"Yes—they'll give you a bed—you don't mind sleeping thick—do you?"

"How thick?"

"Oh! sorter thick, and not so very thick neither—they'll only put you in spoon fashion, an

20

you must lie awful still, or all turn over together, if you don't the outside ones will fall out, an if they do, they'll be right apt to hurt themselves."

"Well, is this all I have to fear at Buck Horn?"

"Fear! you have nothing to fear—Buck Horn is considered by many as a very clever, nice place—an don't they they have musters there?—an don't they try warrants? an don't they have shootin matches? so you see Buck Horn is not so coarse—an if any of 'em should try to use you up, you'll find more who'll fight for you, than agin you—a stranger never wants for friends in these parts."

"Well, I must go now—good bye—if ever you come my way, gim me a call, you hear—just ask for Little River Jack, they all know me. Go along Billy,"—and he gouged his old horse, who wriggled, shot forward, and curled it so rapidly, that all which remained visible of him was a dark streak.

Contrasting western with eastern manners, and thinking of Buck Horn and its inhabitants, I pursued my way, until, from well known signals, I knew a house was near—and in a few moments after, situated in a small clearing, immediately on the road, appeared a large rude double logged cabin, with a Buck's Horn nailed over the door, which means, in the west, entertainment for man and horse, and this I identified as the tavern to which I had been recommended.

It was now the dusk of evening, and although its appearance was uninviting, it seemed to me a welcome spot—it was quiet—and as I rode up, nothing was to be seen but the cattle lying about the yard, chewing their cud, and the fowls arranged in close order on the limbs of an oak, which grew near to the door—my arrival, however, seemed entirely to change the scene, for the dogs came whisking and barking about me, as if they wished to know who and what I was, and what was my business—the cows eyed me—the turkeys clucked—and I thought an old gobbler would have twisted his neck off, in his solicitude to get his head in such a position, that he might take a fair *squint* at me. Turkeys, when they examine any thing closely, only use one eye, and my old gobbler would first try one, and then the other, and then he put his head under his wing, as if for the purpose of brightening his vision and drawing it out, would take a long searching look—and then he examined his roost, and said something to the turkeys around him which I could not understand—but they all clucked, and adjusted themselves, concluding, I thought, with, 'he's a stranger in these parts, and I don't much like his looks'—and they would have liked them much less had they known the state of my appetite.

While all this was passing an old lady came to the door to see what was the cause of so much commotion, looked out for an instant, and then disappeared—next came a flock of children of all sizes, barefooted, with short cotton shirts, who scarcely saw me before away they scampered, tumbling over each other, into one of the side doors—and finally there came, with a stately stride, the landlord of the house—he was

without a coat, rough in appearance, large and portly in his form, with a good humored, jolly looking face, and while he approached, a pair of eyes might be seen peeping out through every crevice in the house.

"Come, friend, won't you 'light?"

"Thank you, sir, I wish to spend the evening with you."

"Git down—git down—I'll take your horse, and fix you as snug as a bear in a hollow."

Having dismounted, he stripped my horse, and giving me my saddle-bags, and saddle. "Now take 'em in, an put 'em under the bed an make yourself at home—children clear the way, an let this gentleman come."

I did as I was directed, but observed that the goblin rose up, and turned his head towards the door I entered, in order that he might keep a sharp look out—it was nobly done, he seemed resolved never to turn his back to an enemy.

Having examined the apartment, I drew a chair before a large blazing fire, and contented with appearances, sat a silent spectator of the group before me—the house contained but two rooms, and a garret, or loft as it is there called, running the whole extent of the building, and yet I had seen children enough about the establishment to have filled up at least four good rooms, and still, every moment I saw a new face—there was many girls among the group, all pretty, yet barefooted, and when they would catch me looking at their feet—they would stoop so as to make their dress entirely conceal them—modesty must be innate, thought I.

The return of the landlord thinned the little group around me—hesent off all the *small fry* into the next room, and drawing some whiskey made me drink—then seating himself, began to inquire after his kin in the old country, all of whom he fancied I must know, merely because I came from the same state—discussing this, and sundry other topics, we whiled away some time—I learned from him, that he, with his wife, had that morning returned from a visit to Alabama, and that some of the neighbors would *drap* in presently to hear the news—I could hear the crowd gathering in the adjoining room, and was soon after called to supper.

The supper though plentiful and inviting had been prepared in the room where the largest part of the company was assembled—and there every face was joyous and happy, save that of the good dame, whose duty it had been to prepare the evening meal—she looked rather crabbed, and slung about the pots and pans, seemingly entirely careless of the shins of her neighbors. But she received my thanks, for among other things there was a large quantity of sweet potatoes, sliced and fried, which I had ordered for my own use. We crowded around the table, cracked jokes, and began to eat. There was a stranger at my elbow, who dipped into my sweet potatoes so often, that I began to take quite a dislike to him—for it was a dish of which I was very fond, which I had ordered, and consequently considered as my own property—besides this, I was as keen set as a hawk.

"Stranger," said I, "you are fond of potatoes?"

"No—I can't say, as how I am—but the way

that aunt Pat there cooks 'em is a caution, an I think these are quite *suffunk*, jest stick me up a few—will you?"

"You mean to say they will soon be *defunct*, I suppose?"

"No, sir; *suffunk* is the idea, and, if you don't know what *suffunk* is, I would advise you to *ab-schize*, for its quite impossible for you to *sem-prime* here."

Having supped, we arose in order to make room for another table, and I adjourned to the room which had been allotted to me; thither I was followed by my potatoe opponent, who accosted me, with "Come stranger, you musn't mind what I say; we are all free and easy here; I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, to save my life; the old man just come home to day, and we drapped in merely to have a little spree—come 'spose you join us?"

I thanked him, but was so fatigued from my ride that I wished to retire early.

Considering a moment—"did you notice them girls?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, I've a notion of Jinny; she's a real ticular, and when she dances she slings a nasty foot, I tell you."

"Does she?"

"Yes, she does so; 'twould do you good to see her dance."

The company now began to get more noisy, and the landlord after telling me several times not to mind the boys, went about his business; the chief gathering was in the supper room, which echoed with the loud and noisy glee, leaving me comparatively alone. But unfortunately the whiskey barrel was near by my bed, and as regular as an hour-glass, but at much shorter intervals, did the landlord approach it, with a mug, draw out the spile, fill it, and then drive in the peg with a hammer—saying "Don't let me disturb you, there's your bed, tumble in when you like it"—and so there was a very nice bed; but it was packed, from the wall to about the middle, with two rows of children, fitted to each other in the same manner as shoes are done up for exportation, and besides this, there were many persons around the fire, and among them several girls just grown. Under these circumstances, I felt loth to undress for bed; but upon being told that my bed was ready, and seeing that nobody was about to leave the room, I conceived that all was right, and stripped, retaining my shirt and drawers with a tolerable degree of composure.

Having been accustomed to sleep alone, I was as afraid of being touched by a child, as I would have been of an eel, and consequently courted sleep to little purpose.

Soon after getting into bed I heard a scuffle, and a general rush to the entry, saying "you strike him." Wishing to see all the fun, I slipped out of bed, and crept to the door, where there was such an eternal clatter of tongues, that it was sometime before I could ascertain the cause of this disturbance; which turned out to be this:

A servant belonging to one of the neighbors, had come over, as it seemed his usual custom, to buy a pint of whiskey, and while waiting at



the door for the landlord, was accosted by a large bony, crabbed man, named Wolfe, who, from some cause which did not appear, thought proper to strike him; this was perceived by a small sharp, thin looking man, called Aaron, who having a good share of artificial stimulus, added to much natural firmness, bristled up, and strutted about with huge consequence.

There were many persons about the house who appeared perfectly unmoved by the passing scene, and it was principally the younger persons who surrounded the expected combatants, girls and men formed the ring promiscuously, the girls *chock full* of fun and life, holding aloft large lightwood torches, determined to see all that was to be seen; conceive myself undressed, peeping over the crowd and you have the scene as I saw it when Aaron cried out "Who struck that nigger?"

"I struck him, a d—n black vampire and he that takes his part, is no better than a nigger."

Aaron making towards him; "Now don't you call me a nigger, Wolfe, don't you call me a nigger; if you do, d—n me if I don't walk right into you, I'll go entirely through you."

"Come on then; I'll lick you, an the way I'll lick you, will be a caution to the balance of your family; if I don't, d—n me."

"Part 'em, part 'em," was the cry from many, and again I heard Aaron's voice rising above the others, saying—

"Did the nigger *misist* you?"

"No; but I intruded my conversation upon him, and he could gim me no answer."

"Well I say 'twas d—n mean, to beat a neighbor's nigger merely because he come to git a drink; now you know, Wolfe, when you was in the army, sarvin under General Jackson, you would steal out to get a drink, and why not 'low the poor nigger the same privilege."

"D—n the nigger, I've a great mind to use him right up, and you too for taking his part."

"Now, use me up, just as soon as you choose: you know, Wolfe, you is bigger than me; but I tell you, I'm all gristle; an God never made a man who could walk over me, or hurt faster when he begins; I weigh just one hundred and twenty-five pounds."

"I don't care what the devil you weigh, nor any thing about you—all I can say, is, I can lick you; if you take the nigger's part you is no better than a nigger; I say this and stand in my shoes."

"Now, you needn't talk about your shoes, kaze you see I'm barefooted, I haint got no shoes, 'tis true, but I stand *flat footed*, and d—n the man who can move me one inch; do you hear that, Wolfe?"

"Yes—I hear it—and Aaron I can lick you."

"Well, Wolfe, I'll fight you, but you've never had a better friend than I've been. I see 'friend-ed you, when no other man would."

"How have you 'friend-ed me, Aaron, an what have you done for me?"

"Didn't I keep them steers of yours, better than two months; and didn't I turn that pided heifer of yours into my pea patch?"

"An 'sposen you did, didn't I call up your hogs—but that's nothing to do with it; Aaron, you

took that nigger's part, and you must fight me." Aaron could stand this no longer but made at him.

"Part 'em, part 'em," was again the cry; but now the girls interfered, crying out "let 'em fight, let 'em fight, you 'spose we g'wine to stand here all night holding the light"—and at the same time I discovered a bearty, buxom, lively looking girl, whom they called Poll, rolling her sleeves up, and swearing at the same time, that both were cowards, and that she believed she could cool 'em both out; this added fresh stimulus, and at it they went; the first concussion was like the meeting of two locomotives at full speed—the jar was so great, that both were thrown into the yard, where, clincing, they rolled over like a couple of cats, squalling and using the most horrible execrations; the crowd still pressed upon them, the girls holding the torches.

"Horrah for Wolfe. Well done Aaron; now gouge him; oh! you missed a chance; now give it to him; why don't you bite him!"

These, and similar expressions, were constantly vociferated by the partizans of each other, and seeing the affair was about drawing to a focus, I slipped off, and went to bed.

Every thing now was comparatively quiet, and but a few moments elapsed, before Poll, with a crowd at her heels, came in, almost convulsed with laughter.

"What is the matter!" said I.

"Oh! the prettiest fight," said Poll; "they were both cowards, but you ought to have seen it; I knew they were sturbin you, standin there quarrelling, so I made 'em fight, merely to have it over; I tell you what, there's 'no mistake' in Aaron, when he does begin."

At this moment Aaron came in, walking carelessly along, with his face much scratched and a handkerchief over one of his eyes.

Poll—"Well Aaron you is a root, I didn't know 'twas in the little man."

"Poll, you know I always told you I was all gristle."

"Well, I didn't think so, but I tell you, you was all over him, I didn't see the licks, but I heard 'em and they seemed to me to fall just as if I was shakin down 'simmons."

How much longer this dialogue would have lasted heaven knows, but being uncomfortably situated, I called to Miss Poll, whose face I really liked, and asked her to be good enough to arrange the children, for if she did not I should soon be kicked out of bed; my wish was hardly expressed, before Poll stripped down the covering and began slapping every child which was out of its place, without paying the least regard to the fact whether it was asleep or awake; this had the desired effect with the children, they were soon packed away, with a strict injunction from Poll, to 'keep quiet or they'd git it agin'—and I cannot say that I felt more sleepy, after Poll had leaned over me to arrange the children, and was kind enough to wish me a good night's rest.

The house now soon became very still, so much so, that one would hardly even have suspected it of having been the scene of such a commotion as the one described.

The stairs which led to the loft, ran up from

my room, and while I was endeavoring to sleep, Poll quietly tripped in again, bearing a child in her arms with several small ones following her.

"Hush, now; don't make a noise."

"O the devil!" said I, "you don't mean to put them in my bed?"

"No, sir, these belong up in the loft."

And she marched them gently up stairs, disposed of them, and again returning, disappeared; scarcely a minute passed, before she tripped up with another; until she began to labor up, I heard her say, "Well I never seed so many children in my life," and so I thought; speaking within the bounds of moderation, I think she carried into the loft, from twelve to fifteen children, then coming down puffing with fatigue, she disappeared, and all was quiet.

Well, the scene is over for the night, said I—not so, however, for I again heard Poll's voice in the entry, amid a small bustle, saying, "Now take your shoes off, and march up easy, don't you disturb that gentleman."

The door opened and Poll appeared with a light, and as she did, she turned about, and whispered in a low voice, "Now march," and then led the way up stairs, followed by, I will not say how many of the crowd who had gathered, all marching silently after her in single file; they formed a long line which was several minutes in passing, and I witnessed what I fear I shall never see again.

I must confess, with the whole scene I was struck dumb, utterly amazed, and confounded; good heavens, thought I, what a packing touch they'll have up stairs; and yet there was no bustle; I heard something which sounded like the rustling of *shucks*, and in a few minutes after every thing was as quiet as the wild woods; this silence reigned unbroken, save an occasional jar which shook the house, resembling the slight shock of an earthquake, or the moving of some heavy body above me with a handspike; this was occasioned, by the joint turning over of the phalanx in the loft; when this ceased all was quiet, and I went to sleep.

THE FALL OF ADAM.—The following images are such as none but an imagination truly poetical could conceive. They are descriptive of the moral consequences of Adam's fall.

"Fell Disease arose  
And blew o'er earth his pestilential breath;  
A train of evils followed on his steps.  
There came Misfortune, with his iron scythe,  
Dropping with human blood; there Envy stalk'd  
And fann'd the flames of hell—fell Fury there  
Yell'd to the winds, and stamp'd the hollow ground:  
There came wan Melancholy slowly on,  
Telling the sorrows to the list'ning night;  
Folded her arms upon her heaving bosom;  
Her face directed to the dewy moon.  
There came Remorse absorbed in gloomy thoughts.  
There rush'd Despair—his dark eye rolled in blood;  
He tore his mantle from his raging breast,  
And plunged his dagger in his heart. There came  
Poor Lunacy, in tattered robes, and waved  
A straw, and told the kingdoms which he ruled.  
Last came Death, clothed in his night of terrors,  
And clasped his victim in his shiv'ring arms."

## ENGLISH BELLES-LETTRES.

WILSON.

The west of Scotland, as I have shown, produced Burns, Grahame, and Campbell; I have now to add a fourth—John Wilson. He is a native of Paisley, and was born in May, 1789. The affluent circumstances of his father enabled him to have the benefit of a classic education; he obtained the rudiments of his learning in Glasgow, and went from thence to Oxford, where he obtained prizes in his college; one of them was an essay, in verse: "On the merits of Ancient Sculpture"—there is a flow of words and the dawning of pure taste. He courted public attention, first, in his poem of "The lute of Psalms;" it exhibits scenes of enchanting beauty, a prodigality of loveliness united to uncommon sweetness and tranquil grace. "The City of the Plague" succeeded; a noble and deeply pathetic poem—a picture of London, suffering under the calamity which laid her streets and squares desolate. It possesses great dramatic interest, and displays picture after picture of private suffering and public misery; the darkness is relieved by such flashes of light as few bards have at command; in the abodes of despair, there are rays of hope let in—on the brink of the grave, flowers of beauty are scattered! nor do we tread the floor of the charnel-house, but in joy mingled with fear. His most dolorous scenes, are redeemed back to our sympathy by inimitable touches of nature; and we rise from the spell of perusal sobered and elevated.

His poetical powers are very varied: that is, he can handle any subject in its own peculiar spirit. His "Edith and Nora" is one of those fairy fictions of which he once promised a volume; there is a wondrous beauty shed over the landscape, on which he brings out his spiritual folk to sport and play, and do good deeds to men: nor has he wasted all his sweetness on the not insensible earth; he has endowed his fairies with charms from a hundred traditions, assigned them poetic and moral tasks, and poured inspiration into their speech. Another fine poem of his, is "An address to a Wild Deer:" for bounding elasticity of language, hurrying thoughts, and crowding imagery, it is without a parallel. Indeed, throughout all his smaller poems there is a deep feeling for nature; an intimate knowledge of the working of the heart, and a liquid fluency of language almost lyrical. He is distinguished in all his compositions, for splendour of imagination, for loftiness of thought, for sympathy with all that is grand or honourable in man, for transitions, surprising and unexpected, but never forced, and for situations such as appear to an eye which sees through all nature. He may be accused sometimes of an overflow of enthusiasm about his subject; nor has he escaped from the charge of sometimes overflowing sentiments with words. In person he is the noblest looking of all our poets; in company he is free, companionable, and eloquent; never hesitates to do a good deed to a deserving person, or give the young and the meritorious a lift on the road to fame. He is a foe to all affectation, either in dress or verse, and mauls the top



of the toilet and the sop in poetry with equal wit and merclessness.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

When Aaron's rod sprang out and budded, those who saw it could not marvel more at the dry timber producing leaf and bloom, than we did when Motherwell, an acute and fastidious antiquarian, appeared as a poet, original and vigorous. His lyrics are forceful and flowing—with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion.

ALEXANDER ALARIC WATTS

Is distinguished among poets for sweetness of versification, tenderness of sentiment, with occasional bursts of true emotion. He has taste in art as well as in literature. He has wit, too, and humour, and bitterness, and lately exercised them at the expense of sundry of his brethren.

THOMAS PRINGLE

Is a poet and philanthropist; in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance.

WILLIAM KENNEDY,

The author of "Fitful Fancies," and "The Arrow and the Rose," has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour; but he is unequal in execution, and occasionally overstrained in language.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Is a poet at once devout and satirical. He has been sternly censured and highly praised; his chief fault lies in choosing topics too holy and heavy for human handling, and his chief merit is fluency of language and moral fervour of thought.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Has a happy fancy; his originality of thought is sometimes deformed by oddity of language; and his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it. He has lyrical ease and vigour, and is looked upon by sundry critics as the chief living hope of the muse.

EBENEZER ELLIOT

Has sung of that public grievance, the Corn Laws, with the bitter energy of a man famishing on the highways. He heaps up images of scorn and loathing till he approaches the sublime. There is much truth amidst his satire, and many moving passages mingled with his invectives. But when the price of corn falls, the fame of the poet will fall in proportion, for such is the penalty paid for pouring out fancy and feeling and sarcasm on fleeting matters. He has, however, other chances of reputation; some of his pictures of domestic life are graphic and forceful; he has inherited not a little of the power of Crabbe—and, like Crabbe too, he sees the dark side of all things, and comes to the peasantry of his country, like the priest in Burns, with tidings not of hope, but damnation.

GEORGE DARLEY

Is a true poet and excellent mathematician: there is much compact and graceful poetry in his "May Queen;" and, in, "The Olympian Rev-

20\*

el's," a dramatic freedom and fervour too seldom seen in song.

There are other bards of these our latter times, who have sung well and found listeners, and who deserve a place even in a brief account like this: Croly, and Clare, and Moir, and Malcolm, ought not to be forgotten, when the labours of the Muse are mentioned; and others, also; but I have already said too much about the sons of song; besides, a weariness of soul has come upon me, for I have not been insensible of a gradual descent from the commanding heights of genius on which I took up my subject. I must not, however, close accounts with poetry without introducing some of those female spirits who sing with energy as well as grace, and hang the garlands of their fancy on the highest altars of the Muse.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Sister Joanna," as Walter Scott loved to call her, is a poetess of a high order; she is at once vigorous and gentle, sarcastic and moving, homely and heroic. Her genius is of the dramatic kind, and her "Plays on the Passions," display such variety of powers, as have obtained her the name of the Female Shakspeare. Her regular poems abound in noble sentiments, and her songs have all the life, humour, and simplicity of the early Scottish lyrics. In conversation she is shrewd, lively, and agreeable, and her looks are full of genius. I have never seen either a bust or portrait of her, and this is the more to be lamented, since she stands not only at the head of female writers, but takes precedence of many of the "lords of the creation," both in quickness of imagination and massive grandeur of thought.

FELICIA HEMANS

Is the authoress of many a plaintive and mournfully strain. She has shown high sentiment and heroic feelings occasionally but her affections are with the gentle, the meek, and the wounded in spirit. It ought to be remembered, that in the strife of song she vanquished all the male professors who entered the lists.—Some one who desired to do a good deed to the Muse, offered fifty pounds for the best poem on the memorable conference which ensued between Wallace and Bruce, after the fatal fight of Falkirk. There were many competitors; the Muse, with the waywardness of her sex, refused her effectual aid to any save Felicia, and enabled her to carry away the money and the fame. Her genius is of the domestic kind, and her best songs are rightly named of the "Affections."

LETTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

Is, next to "Sister Joanna," the most successful poetess of our day. She is the L. E. L. of many a pretty poem: nor has she sung only a tender ditty or two, and then shut her lips to listen to the applause they brought; she has written much; sometimes loftily, sometimes touchingly, and always fluently and gracefully. She excels in short and neat things; yet she has poured out her fancy and her feelings through the evolutions of a continuous narrative and intricate story. The flow of her language is re-

markable; her fancy is ever ready and never extravagant. Her chief works are "The Improvisatrice," and "Venetian Bracelet;" nor has she hesitated to try her hand in prose also, and in a long story, "Romance and Reality," displays ready wit, much sprightliness, and an extensive acquaintance with the world. She is young; pleasing, too, in company, and lively without effort.

MARY HOWITT

Has shown herself mistress of every string of the minstrel lyre, save that which sounds of broil and bloodshed. There is more of the old ballad simplicity in her compositions, than can be found in the strains of any living poet besides; her language is vigorous, but not swelling; and always subordinate to the sentiments, whether of tenderness or of love.

On looking at the splendid and varied poetical productions of the last fifty years, and comparing them with the works of the first great era of British song, I cannot help perceiving a falling off. We have, it is true, fewer learned allusions; less classical copyism; nor is our verse swelling with gods and goddesses; Venus and Cupid no longer manage the affairs of love; but we have less noble emotion, lower flights of fancy, and little rejoicing in nature's joy; the Muse refuses to skip like a roe on the mountains, but is inclined to be moody and discontented; she sings in a strain sneering and dolorous; she is sensible, in fact, of the low estate of the inspired, and refuses to be comforted. The love of song has suffered of late a sad abatement; many circumstances have combined to harm it; criticism has something of this to answer for; the deluge of verse poured on the land during the last thirty years, has had its influence, together with the calculating and mathematical turn which the public mind has taken. All this will pass away, and natural emotion will resume its power; though it is winter with the Muses now, the season of song and of flowers is at hand.

#### ANECDOTE AND GOSSIP OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.—By WILLIAM DUNLAP.

BENJAMIN WEST.—West, although born in humble life, was essentially *well born*, though not of parents who by riches or station could ensure, or even promote his views of ambition: his father was a man of sense; his mother affectionate and exemplary. He was not spoiled by indulgence, or soured by thwartings. His natural inclinations were good, and they were not poisoned by bad education or evil example. The most precious part of his education was not intrusted to ignorant and vicious menials; and all who surrounded him were temperate, pure, and happy. The sordid sufferings of poverty were unknown to him, neither was he pampered in the lap of luxury. As the youngest child of the family, he was the favorite of his parents, and equally so of his brothers and sisters. His physical advantages were great from nature, and the occupations of rural life in childhood tended to strengthen and perfect him. He was taught in the school of realities. He became acquainted with things as they are. The knowledge which he gained in the school of experience was not blasted by any untoward circumstances. His genius was developed by the friends his manners and his virtues gained him. West may be said to have been the favoured of fortune as well as nature, and to have been so led to the height he attained, that men

might say, we know not whether genius or virtue placed him there. This we know: vice or folly did not counteract genius.

STUART.—It is difficult to account for the very different style of Stuart's painting from that of the master under whom he studied, and whose works were daily before him and occasionally copied by his hand. The pupil had directed his attention to portrait, and the master delighted in the higher branch of the art. West, doubtless, saw that Stuart was the better portrait painter; and we know that when he saw the superiority of another in that branch, he readily acknowledged it. When applied to for instruction by an artist now in this city, he readily gave it, but said, "If you wish to study portrait painting, go to Sir Joshua." Stuart spoke freely of his own superiority as a portrait painter, and used to say, half joke half earnest, that "no man ever painted history if he could obtain employment at portraits." In connection with this difference of opinion and of style, I will mention the following circumstance, which took place about 1786, on the occasion of a visit to his old master's house and gallery in Newman-street. Trumbull was painting on a portrait, and the writer literally lending him a hand by sitting for it. Stuart came in, and his opinion was asked as to the colouring, which he gave very much in these words:—"Pretty well, pretty well; but more like our master's flesh than nature's. When Benney teaches the boys, he says—'yellow and white there,' and he makes a streak; 'red and white there,' another streak; 'blue-black and white there,' another streak; 'brown and red there, for a warm shadow,' another streak; 'red and yellow there,' another streak. But nature does not colour in streaks. Look at my hand; see how the colours are mottled and mingled, yet all is clear as silver."

This was and is true; and yet Mr. West's theory is likewise true, however paradoxical it may appear. Mr. West perhaps made too great a distinction between the coloring appropriate to historical painting and that best suited to portrait.

STUART, TOM AND TOWSER.—In the early period of Stuart's career, as an independent portrait painter, he had for his attendant a wild boy, the son of a poor widow, whose time was full as much taken up by play with another of the painter's household, a fine Newfoundland dog, as by attendance upon his master. The boy and dog were inseparable, and when Tom went on an errand, Towser was sure to accompany him. Tom was a terrible truant, and played so many tricks that Stuart again and again threatened to turn him off; but as often Tom found some way to keep his hold on his eccentric master. One day, as story tellers say, Tom staid, when sent of an errand, until Stuart, out of all patience, posted off to the boy's mother, determined to dismiss him; but on his entering, the old woman began first—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, Tom has been here."—"So I supposed."—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, the dog!" "He has been here, too. Well, well, he shall not come again! but Tom must come to you; I will not keep him!" "Oh, Mr. Stuart, it was the dog did it!" "Did what?" "Look sir—look there. The dog overset my mutton-pie; broke the dish; greased the floor; and eat the mutton!" "I'm glad of it! You encourage the boy to come here, and here I will send him." "It was the dog, sir, eat the mutton!" "Well, the boy may come and eat your mutton; I dismiss him! I'll have no more to do with him!" The mother entreated, insisted that it was the dog's fault—told over and over again the story of the pie, until Stuart, no longer hearing her, conceived the plan of a trick upon Tom, with the prospect of a joke founded upon the dog's dinner if mutton-pie. "Well, well, say no more; here's something for the pie, and to buy a dish. I will try Tom again, provided you never let him know that I came here to-day, or that I learned from you any thing of the dog and the pie." The promise was given of course,

and Stuart hastened home, as full of his anticipated trick to try Tom as any child with a new rattle. Tom found his master at his easel where he had left him, and was prepared with a story to account for his delay, in which neither his mother nor Towser nor the mutton made parts. "Very well, sir," said the painter, "bring in dinner; I shall know all about it by and by." Stuart sat down to his mutton, and Towser took his place by his side as usual, while Tom as usual stood in attendance.—"Well, Towser, your mouth don't water for your share. Where have you been? whisper;" and he put his ear to Towser's mouth who wagged his tail in reply. "I thought so; with Tom to his mother's?" "Bow wow!" "And have you had your dinner?" "Bow!" "I thought so.—What have you been eating? put your mouth nearer, sir!" "Bow wow!" "Mutton-pie! Very pretty. You and Tom have eaten Mrs. Jenkin's mutton-pie, ha?" "Bow wow!" "He lies, sir! I didn't touch it; he broke mother's dish, and eat all the mutton!" From that moment, Tom thought that if he wished to deceive his master, he must leave Towser at home; but rather on the whole concluded, that what with the dog, the devil and the painter, he had no chance for successful lying.

### THE BAMBOO.



The bamboo is a native of the hottest regions of Asia. It is likewise to be found in America, but not in that abundance, with which it flourishes in the old world. It is never brought into this country in sufficient supply for any useful purposes, being rather an object of curiosity than of utility. But in the countries of its production it is one of the most universally useful plants. "There are about fifty varieties," says Mr. London, in his Botanical Dictionary, "of the *Arundo bambus*, each of the most rapid growth, rising from fifty to eighty feet the first year, and the second perfecting its timber in hardness and elasticity. It grows in stools which are cut every two years. The quantity

of timber furnished by an acre of bamboos is immense. Its uses are almost without end. In building it forms almost entire houses for the lower orders, and enters both into the construction and furniture of those of the higher class. Bridges, boats, masts, rigging, agricultural and other implements and machinery; carts, baskets, ropes, nets, sail-cloth, cups, pitchers, troughs, pipes for conveying water, pumps, fences for gardens and fields, &c. are made of it. Macerated in water it forms paper; the leaves are generally put round the tea sent to Europe: the thick inspissated juice is a favourite medicine. It is said to be indestructible by fire, to resist acids, and, by fusion with alkali, to form a transparent permanent glass.

**REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.**—Lovely in her person and lively in her mind; her beauty, however transcendent, is, never to excite particular, only general, admiration, and her liveliness is never for an instant to be supposed to approach levity. At the same time she must be no prude, object to sitting hours *tete-a-tete* with a man who evidently thinks her very handsome, and must not take his arm at a ball, assembly, or walk, if he offers it; and if her husband, or any one else, is inclined to cut jokes which may have a doubtful meaning, she must neither be amused nor offended. She is to be very clean in her person, and very well dressed, but never too late for breakfast or dinner, or long at her toilette. She must not spend much money, but be always in the fashion; if she does unfortunately get into debt, and is blamed by her husband, she must take care not to exceed her means again, but not to be in the least less well attired, or she may justly draw down her husband's ire for being a dowdy. She is to be very simple in her diet, and hardly aware of the difference between soup and fish, yet her table is ever to be such as to excite the admiration of the most distinguished epicures of the day. She is to be as fast of every passing event, but not fond of gossip. She is to know everybody, but not mix much in society. She is to know every thing, but not to be learned. She is to have great resources in herself within doors, but their interest is never to interfere with her exercise without, even in the worst weather. She is to like a garden, without presuming to interfere with the gardener; and to have the greatest possible interest in her husband's country-seat, without any power but that of picking a few violets in spring, and a few pinks in summer. She is to be extremely bold on horseback, though perfectly feminine, and ride remarkably well either in the parks or the chase, though she cannot get upon a horse ten times a year. She is never to be dull, though she must like retirement. She is to be extremely agreeable in society, without caring for it. If she is a mother, her children are to be highly accomplished, and dressed with infinite taste; but their governesses' wages are to be low, and their clothes to cost next to nothing. If ill and dejected, she is to be highly pleased if her husband takes that opportunity of going from home.—*Lady Isabella St. John, in the Keepsake for 1834.*

**REQUISITES FOR A HUSBAND.**—He is to be very fond of hunting and all manly amusements, without ever making such topics the subject of his discourse, or even thoughts. He is to belong to all clubs, but never frequent them. He is to be bold with spirit at Newmarket or in private, but never lose his money. He is to be very fond of assemblies and balls, but not like talking or dancing. He is to admire beauty, but never look at any woman but his wife. He must have a very well-appointed equipage, but only consider it his own by sufferance. He should be very domestic and attached to home, yet regard Paris as a heaven upon earth. He should like reading aloud, without caring for books.—*Lady Isabella St. John, in the Keepsake for 1834.*

# THE GASCON VESPERS.

As sung by Mrs. Wood.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Hark! the mer - ry peal is ring - ing, List ye, how the bells a - round".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "O'er the Garonne's banks are flinging, Far and near their cheerful sound,". The system ends with a double bar line. The piano part has a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic marking.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Hark ye! how each Gas - con mai - den, To the ri - sing Moon now sings;".

Note.—Wandering one autumnal evening on the banks of the Garonne, in the neighbourhood of —, where I was passing some time at the house of a friend, I accidentally approached several groups of peasantry who were chaunting the Vesper Hymn. The time of the evening, the situation and scenery, together with the delightful harmony of the rustic choristers, rivetted me to the spot. At length, separating from one of the groups, a lively interesting girl, who had seen me at the above friend's house, approached and singing, with the characteristic gaiety of her country, an invitation to join her companions, I permitted her to lead me to them, and seating myself in the midst of them, soon learnt also to bear my part in their songs and revels.

While with sweets the night breeze la - den, waft their voi - ces on its wings,

Haste then, stran - ger, join our cho - rus; Come then with our mai - dens, pray;

Join the hap - py group be - fore us, Chaunting 'neath the moonlight ray.

*pp*

See them dancing, chaunt the pleasure  
Of their rustic home so sweet;  
Changing now in mournful measure,  
Tales of hapless love repeat.

Haste then, stranger, join our chorus—  
Come then with our maidens, pray;

Join the happy group before us,  
Chaunting 'neath the moonlight ray.  
Hark! the merry peal is ringing—  
List ye how the bells around,  
O'er the Garonne's banks are flinging  
Far and near their cheerful sound.

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy, "To Be or Not to Be."

BY A PRINTER.

To Print, or not to Print? that is the question,  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The loss and disappointments of our ev'ry effort  
To gain an honest livelihood, or quit the business,  
And end the contest. To stop—to add no more  
To landlord's, poet's, and paper-maker's bills.  
And every other expense incurred by printers,  
Is really a consumption to be wished.  
To die—to sleep—perchance, to dream:  
Ay, there's the rub: perhaps like Egypt's sons of old,  
Who died insolvent, be denied a burial.  
Mayhap, the corpse for debt may be detain'd  
For British laws permit; and closely held  
In durance vile, till the last farthing's paid.  
There's the respect that makes us bear the burden  
Of weekly cares and toils without reward;  
For who would else endure the loss of time,  
Of labour and of cash, the duns of creditors,  
The negligence of debtors, and the string  
Of evils unsuccessful artisans suffer,  
When he himself might quit them all for ever,  
By a bare advertisement? Who would make  
His press and pressman groan beneath the weight  
Of sheets on sheets—and types, weekly compos'd  
To gratify the gen'ral thirst for news;  
Pore over books, and cull th' instructive page,  
Or seek in ev'ry quarter of the earth,  
Collect and publish ev'ry tale that goes,  
"And paint the manners living as they rise,"  
But that the dread of what may follow, as  
The taunts of envious brethren of the type,  
The scoff of enemies, (for who's without them?)  
Silent suspicions of well-meaning friends,  
Who think we should have struggled longer for suc-  
cess,

And utter ruin to our fondest hopes,  
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear  
The ills that now we have, than fly to others.  
We know not, and perhaps, might have avoided.  
Thus is the Printer at a stand, and cannot  
Between two sad alternatives determine.

Father. Tom, where have you been? Son. No where, Sir. F. Where is no where? S. Up on the Common. F. Who went with you? S. Nobody, Sir. F. Who is nobody? S. Bill Doakes, Sir. F. What have you been doing? S. Nothing, Sir. F. What is nothing? S. Playing marbles. F. What have you done with the money I gave you? S. Lost it, Sir. F. How did you lose it? S. Bill Doakes won it, Sir.

How to CURTAIL.—While a clergyman of the Methodist order was praying at a camp meeting in a most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro man loudly exclaimed, "Amen: yes, bless God, cut he tail smack amooove off!"

AMIALE COMPASSION.—Theodore Hook being told of the marriage of a political opponent exclaimed, "I am very glad, indeed to hear it," then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "And yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

AN INDEPENDENT MAN.—One who can shave himself with cold water, black his own boots, and live without tobacco.

IRISH SPECTACLES.—The late General B. going post to Ireland on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at the Inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks, which he saw ready at the kitchen fire up to the table. The General's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in as hungry as hawks, after the morning's sport. They eagerly enquired what could be had to eat. Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only one moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "Irish jontlemoon?" gibbly exclaimed one of the chagrined group—"I'll lay fifty to five the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the jontlemoon, presenting compliments, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."

The General heard the message, took the watch and with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance that as soon as he had dined he would endeavour to satisfy their enquiry. The bucks, chucked at the embarrassment which they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who, with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presented the watch; "Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is shortighted, and have brought him this pair of spectacles," pointing to a pair of pistols under his arm, "to remedy the defect." Joke was gone; the bucks were silent. The General deliberately put the watch in his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. "Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you; whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never without a trial of the spectacles."

Captain York's Piece.—A good old lady who always saved the cream, of everything to tickle the palate of her loving spouse, reserving for him the brownest piece of toast, the best slice of cake, and the biggest piece of pie, one day had a gentleman to take a cup of tea at her house, who liked to be the monopolizer of such dainties himself; and who was moreover on terms that warranted his helping himself to whatever suited his fancy. As usual the good woman had cut her pie in such a manner as to leave one formidable slice, which was well understood to belong to her husband. The visitant saw it, and proceeded to help himself to the tempting morsel, when he was interrupted by the wife; "Stop, stop, Mr. — that's Captain York's piece."

Docton Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh "to be known of men."—A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him, "Do you suppose you have any real religion?" "None to speak of," was the excellent reply.

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her, if the person who was assaulted, did not give the defendant very ill language; if he did not call him a d—d Scotch cobbler, and uttered words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not impudence enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why Sir," she replied, "if you have not impudence enough to speak to them, how can you suppose that I have?"



**AN ORGAN WELL DEVELOPED.**—Certain propensities are often exhibited in childhood, which show the character of the future man. In youth as well as age, the actions of an individual seem to be influenced by a ruling passion, which should be carefully watched, and encouraged or checked accordingly, as it may lead to good or evil. The following anecdote, related to us, furnishes an illustration:—

A little boy, whose parents resided not many miles from this city, was in the habit of seating himself on the gateways, posts, capstans of wharves and the like, much to the annoyance of his parents, who tried hard to overcome this habit, but in vain. One day his father having found his little son seated on the capstan of the wharf, and apparently deriving great enjoyment from his dangerous situation, resolved to try a desperate remedy. He accordingly came softly behind him, and pushed him into the water, and then immediately jumped in himself, to save his son from being drowned in the water being nearly twenty feet deep. He naturally supposed that the fright consequent on the sudden event, and the imminent danger to which he was exposed, would effectually cure his son of such dangerous propensities for the future. But after the little fellow was borne safely on shore, and had time to recover breath, he exclaimed with child-like simplicity "Father, do so again, do Father!"—*Best. Mercantile.*

Not long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites.—After declaiming at length on the awful consequences of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "and are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present whose name was Jonah, and thinking himself called upon, immediately rose, and turning up his white to the minister, with his broadest grin and best bow, very readily answered, "Here be one, Massa."

**A MAHOMETAN EXQUIRIT.**—No description of buck is more entertaining, or more vain, than a Mahometan one; and, in truth, they have much more in their outward finery to be proud of, than we have in the somewhat coloured dress of Europe: the caparisons of their horses, too, are so superb and various, that they have a great field for exercising their taste upon them. When a youth or family is fully equipped and mounted for the course, he shows most plainly, by his air and manner, that he is, in his own opinion, all in all; the fashion of his turban and the curl of his moustache, are evidently the result of great pains. The horse is covered with costly trappings; and what little of his natural coat can be seen, is as sleek as possible. His tail is long and sweeping, and his mane plaited with the neatest art, having points of silver to each length, to keep it in its place. He is taught to caper, to turn, and to plunge; and is constantly exercised in these accomplishments, particularly when in a crowd; for the great ambition seems to be, as with beaux of less showy exterior, to attract attention, and create a sensation: and, as the scattered foot-passengers are seen flying in all directions before him, he is certain to attain his object.—*Capt. Skinner's Excursions in India.*

**VOCAL MUSIC.**—In Switzerland and Germany, vocal music is one of the branches of common school instruction, and it is there generally considered as necessary as reading and writing, and is regarded as an indispensable qualification for an instructor. In consequence of such general and early attention to the subject, this important portion of public worship can be suitably performed by the whole congregation.

At a ball given by the City of Paris to Bonaparte, was a Madam Cardon. The Corsican, in general, was not very fond of people who had become rich by any means but by his own favor. He had never seen Madam Cardon, whose name even he had never known before; but he had been told that her husband was possessed of great wealth. He walked towards her with a peevish sort of air, and said to her very abruptly—"Are you Madam Cardon?" She made a profound courtesy to his query. Bonaparte continued his discourse—"You are very rich?" "Yes Sir," she said, "I have ten children." Bonaparte, struck with the delicate force of this reply, walked quickly away from her ladyship.

A schoolmaster had among his other pupils, a Yankee and a Dutch boy. Both were learning orthography. The schoolmaster required the Yankee to spell his own name. He performed it thus. "Big a, little a-r-o-n." The Dutch boy took the hint from this, and answered to a similar request: "Big Hans, little Hans-r-o-n."

**RICHARD III.'S CAVALRY.**—Richard's crest was a white boar. Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovel, giving the King their advice, gave rise to the following rhyme:—

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dogge,  
Rulen all England under a Hogge.

A gentleman named Collingborne was executed on Towerhill for the above effusion. He was hanged, cut down immediately, and his bowels cast into the fire, which torment was so speedily done, that when the butcher of an executioner pulled out his heart (to use the words of the historian, Stow,) he spake, and said, "Jesus, Jesus!"—*Mirror.*

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a dull and warm orator, to the president Montesquieu, in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any trifle among friends has a value."

It is wise to do with the utmost kindness of manner a favor which you see to be inevitable, unless, indeed, you fear to encourage a future or frequent application.

**ALLITERATION.**—We dearly delight in *Alliteration*. And it is with the purest pleasure that we have lately seen several splendid specimens of this sublime style of writing, perambulating the country in the public prints. What can be more brilliant or beautiful than the following line:

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

Or this cacophonous couplet, on the worldly-wise and wiley Wolsey:

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,  
How high his honor holds his haughty head!"

What can surpass the singular sententiousness of the sentence? And then it is so sweet, so soft, so solemn! We know of nothing which can compare with it, in clear, comprehensiveness of character, except, perhaps a curious colloquy between an illiterate Dutch sailor and his Skipper, who coming on deck, one soft serene, summer evening while staying in St. Salvador, and hearing a horrid halloo-bulloo on the fore-castle, hoarsely hallooed out.

"Peter Pipkin what's to pay?"

"It is young yack in the yellow yacket," answered Peter.

"Where is the wile wagabond?" screamed the skipper.

"He has yust yumped off the yib-boom into the yolly boat."—*Doston Evening Journal.*

¶ The following humorous affair appeared in a London Magazine shortly after intelligence had been received of the disastrous expedition to Moscow:

### THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

Bonaparte he would set out  
For a summer excursion to Moscow;  
The fields were green and the sky was blue;  
Morbieu! Parbleu!

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more,  
Heigh ho, for Moscow!  
There were Marshals by dozens and Dukes by the score,  
Princes a few, and Kings one or two,  
While the fields are so green and the sky so blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,  
Heigh ho, for Moscow!  
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky.  
General Rapp and Emperor Nap,  
Nothing would do.  
While the fields were so green and sky so blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
But they must be marched to Moscow.

But then the Russians they turn'd to,  
All on the road to Moscow,  
Nap had to fight his way all through,  
They could fight but they could not parley vous,  
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,  
For they set fire to Moscow;  
To get there had cost him much ado,  
And then no better course he knew,  
While the fields were green and the sky was blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!

Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,  
All on the road from Moscow;  
There was Tormazow and Gomalow,  
And all the others that end in *ow*;  
Rajefsky and Noverefsky,  
And all the others that end in *efsky*;  
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepelleff,  
And all the others that end in *eff*;  
Wasilschecoff, Kostomarov, and Theoglokokoff,  
And all the others that end in *off*;  
Milaradovitch, and Jaladovitch, and Karatchkowitch,  
And all the others that end in *itch*;  
Osharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, Kazatichkoffsky,  
And all the others that end in *offsky*;  
And last of all an Admiral came,  
A terrible man with a terrible name,  
A name which you all must know very well,  
Nobody can speak and nobody can spell;  
And Platoff he played them off,  
And Markoff he mark'd them off,  
And Tutchkoff he touch'd them off,  
And Kutusoff he cut them off,  
And Woronzoff he worried them off,  
And Dochteroff he doctor'd them off,  
And Rodinoff he flogg'd them off.

They stuck close to them with all their might,  
They were on the left and on the right,  
Behind and before, and by day and by night;  
Nap would rather parley vous than fight;

But parley vous would no more do,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!

For they remember'd Moscow!

And then came on the frost and snow,  
All on the road from Moscow!

The Emperor Nap found as he went,  
That he was not quite Omnipotent;  
And worse and worse the weather grew,  
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,  
Morbieu! Ventrebieu!

What a terrible journey from Moscow!

The devil take the hindmost,  
All on the road from Moscow!  
Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,  
To fight all day and to freeze all night;  
And so, not knowing what else to do,  
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
He stole away, I tell you true,  
All by himself from Moscow.

### THE FATE OF THOMAS BROWN,

SHOEMAKER:

*Showing the folly of getting "blum," and the evil consequences attending thereon!*

A shoemaker was Thomas Brown,

But he'd no work to do—

And so one night, his cares to drown

Our friend Tom Brown got *blum*!

And as he strove his home to gain,

He chanc'd a post to meet;—

The contact was a source of pain—

And Brown fell in the street.

A friend who saw poor Tom fall down,

To his assistance flew;

"Help, help!" cries Tom, "my name is Brown—  
My back is black and blue!"

"Oh, Thomas Brown," said Tommy's friend,

"Who'd have thought this of you?

Quick mend your course!—think what an end  
All such, at last come to!"

Now Tom was'd hot, but he'd not gained

His understanding yet—

For though his friend seem'd so much pained,  
He left him in the street.

"Pray help me up! I want no more

Of your advice!" Tom said;

"I ne'er made such a slip before,

Since I have *slippers* made."

"You know, in this state I'm found,

And cannot move a foot,

My wife will soon make my ears sound,

And strap me well, to boot!"

His faithless friend left Tom to gaze

On upper worlds and sky;

Thought Tom, "I'd not have been so low,

If I'd not got so high!"

"Before I help," a passer cries,

"Your name and trade I'd learn."

Quoth Tom, "The concerns of *men's* soles  
Are, sir, my sole concern."

"And if I help you up, sir now,

Will you again get mellow?"

"If, sir, I do," cries Tom, "I vow,

I'm but a half-soul'd fellow!"

"Upon my word, I feel quite down,

That this thing did befall:

Oh, help me!—I can't stir a peg,

If 'twas to save my all!"

He help'd poor Tom upon his feet;

And as they walk'd, Tom wrung

His hands, and thought of blows he'd get—

When home—My song is done—

And if I've bored you with my all,

And if I've batch'd the job,

The tale's not long, but very short,

So please forgive

Poor Bos.

212



# THE FAIRY ISLE.

*Published by J. C. Atkinson.*

N.  
But  
As  
Hug  
A







OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

No. 6.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JUNE.

[1834.]

THE FAIRY ISLE.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I.

In the far off sea there is many a sprite,  
Who rests by day, but awakes at night.  
In hidden caves where monsters creep,  
When the sun is high, these spectres sleep.  
From the glance of noon, they shrink with dread,  
And hide mid the bones of the ghastly dead.  
Where the surf is hushed, and the light is dull,  
In the hollow tube and whitened skull,  
They crouch in fear or in whispers wail,  
For the lingering night, and the coming gale.  
But at eventide, when the shore is dim,  
And babbling wreaths with the billows swim,  
They rise on the wing of the freshened breeze,  
And fit with the wind o'er the rolling seas.  
At summer eve, as I sat on the cliff,  
I marked a shape like a dusky skiff,  
That skimmed the brine, toward the rocky shore—  
I heard a voice in the surge's roar—  
I saw a form in the flashing spray,  
And white arms beckoned me away.

II.

Away o'er the tide we went together,  
Through shade and mist and stormy weather.  
Away, away, o'er the lonely water,  
On wings of thought like shadows we flew,  
Nor paused 'mid scenes of wreck and slaughter,  
That came from the blackened waves to view.  
The staggering ship to the gale we left,  
The drifting corse and the vacant boat,  
The ghastly swimmer all hope bereft—  
We left them there on the sea to float!  
Through mist and shade and stormy weather,  
That night we went to the icy Pole,  
And there on the rocks we stood together,  
And saw the ocean before us roll.  
No moon shone down on the hermit sea,  
No cheering beacon illumined the shore,  
No ship on the water, no light on the sea,  
No sound in the ear but the billow's roar.  
But the wave was bright, as if lit with pearls,  
And fearful things on its bosom played;  
Huge crakens circled in foamy whirls,  
As if the deep for their sport was made,

Or mighty whales through the crystal dashed,  
And upward sent the far glittering spray,  
Till the darkened sky with the radiance flashed,  
And pictured in glory the wild array.

III.

Hast thou seen the deep in the moonlight beam,  
Its wave like a maiden's bosom swelling?  
Hast thou seen the stars in the water's gleam,  
As if its depths were their holy dwelling?  
We met more beautiful scenes that night,  
As we slid along in our spirit-car,  
For we crossed the South Sea, and, ere the light,  
We doubled Cape Horn on a shooting star.  
In our way we stopped, o'er a moonlit isle,  
Which the fairies had built in the lonely sea,  
And the surf spirit's brow was bent with a smile,  
As we gazed through the mist of their revelry.  
The ripples that swept to the pebbly shore,  
O'er shells of purple in wantonness played,  
And the whispering zephyrs sweet odours bore,  
From roses that bloomed amid silence and shade.  
In winding grottoes, with gems all bright,  
Soft music trembled from harps unseen,  
And fair forms glided on wings of light,  
Mid forests of fragrance, and valleys of green.  
There were voices of gladness the heart to beguile,  
And glances of beauty too fond to be true—  
For the surf sprite shrieked, and the Fairy Isle,  
By the breath of the tempest was swept from our view.  
Then the howling gale o'er the billows rushed,  
And trampled the sea in its march of wrath;  
From stooping clouds the red lightning gushed,  
And thunders moved in their blazing path.  
'Twas a fearful night, but my shadowy guide  
Had a voice of glee as we rode on the gale,  
For we saw afar a ship on the tide,  
With a bounding course and a fearless sail.  
In darkness it came, like a storm-seen bird,  
But another ship it met on the wave—  
A shock—a shout—but no more we heard,  
For they both went down to their ocean grave!  
We paused on the misty wing of the storm,  
As a ruby flash lit the face of the deep,  
And fair in its bosom full many a form  
Was swinging down to its silent sleep.  
Another flash! and they seemed to rest,  
In scattered groups, on the floor of the tide!

The lover and loved, they were breast to breast,  
The mother and babe, they were side by side.  
The leaping waves clapped their hands in joy,  
And gleams of gold with the waters flowed,  
But the peace of the sleepers knew no alloy,  
For all was hushed in their lone abode.

## IV.

On, on, like midnight visions, we passed,  
The storm above, and the surge below,  
And shrieking forms swept by on the blast,  
Like demons speeding on errands of woe.  
My spirit sank, for aloft in the cloud,  
A star-set ~~lay~~ on the whirlwind flew,  
And I knew that the billow must be the shroud  
Of the noble ship and her gallant crew.  
Her side was striped with a belt of white,  
And twenty guns from each battery frowned,  
But the lightning came in a sheet of flame,  
And the towering sails in its folds were wound.  
Vain, vain was the shout, that in battle rout,  
Had rung as a knell in the ear of the foe,  
For the bursting deck was heaved from the wreck,  
And the sky was bathed in the awful glow!  
The ocean shook its oozy bed,  
As the swelling sound to the canopy went,  
And a thousand fires like meteors shed  
Their light into the tossing element.  
A moment they gleamed, then sank in the foam,  
And the darkness swept over the gorgeous glare—  
They lighted the mariner down to their home,  
And left them all sleeping in stillness there!

## V.

The storm is hushed, and my vision is o'er,  
The surf sprite changed to a foamy wreath,  
The night is deepened along the shore,  
And I thread my way o'er the dusky heath.  
But often again I shall go to that cliff,  
And seek for her form on the flashing tide,  
For I know she will come in her airy skill,  
And over the sea we shall swiftly ride.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

## THE LAST WORDS OF BYRON.

"I must sleep now," the murmur'd sound,  
Hung on the dying Poet's breath,  
And his closed lids were almost bound,  
By the cold wreath of death.  
The lustre of that eye was fled—  
Press'd by the heavy, clammy brow,  
And half released from earth he said  
In gentle tones, "I must sleep now."

That cold, and unexpressive eye  
Once lighted on the brave to peace;  
And that still voice, once raised on high,  
The triumph songs of Greece.  
"Was she, the loved one, lingering near,  
The sharer of his early vow—  
That he might whisper in her ear  
His dying words, "I must sleep now?"

Unheard by her, those accents fell,  
Unheeded passed his latest breath,  
No gentle wife, to bid farewell,  
No child to smooth his bed of death.  
No forms of kindred youth, or love,  
Around his couch, were seen to bow;  
But stranger ears, and ~~His~~—<sup>Above</sup>  
Heard his last words, "I must sleep now."

LELIA.

MORAL PERCEPTIONS.—No moral perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; their's is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

## THE BARONET'S BRIDE.

From the Diary of a Late Physician.

Never was man married under more auspicious circumstances than Sir Henry Harleigh. Himself the descendant of an ancient house, and the accomplished possessor of a splendid fortune; his bride the fairest flower in the family of a distinguished nobleman; surely here were elements of high happiness, warranting the congratulations of the "troops of friends" who, by their presence, added *eclat* to the imposing nuptials. "Heaven bless thee, sweet Anne!" sobbed the venerable peer, her father, folding his daughter in his arms, as Sir Henry advanced to conduct her to his travelling chariot; "may these be the last tears thou wilt have occasion to shed!" The blushing girl could make no reply; and linking her arm in that of her husband, dizzy with agitation, and almost insensible of the many hands that shook hers in passing, suffered him to lead her through the throng of guests above, and lines of be-favoured lacqueys below, to the chariot waiting to conduct "the happy pair" to a romantic residence of Sir Henry's in Wales. The moment they were seated, the steps were shut up—the door closed. Sir Henry hastily waved a final adieu to the company thronging the windows of the drawing-room he had just quitted: the postillions cracked their whips, and away dashed the chariot and four, amidst the cheery pealing of the bells—

"bearing its precious throbbing charge  
To halcyon climes afar."

Sir Henry's character contrasted strongly, in some respects, with that of his lady. His urbanity was tinged with a certain reserve, or rather melancholy, which some considered the effects of an early and severe devotion to study; and others, perhaps more truly, of a constitutional tendency inherited from his mother. There was much subdued energy in his character; and you could not fail, under all his calmness of demeanour, to observe the strugglings of talent and ambition. Lady Anne, on the contrary, was all sprightliness and frolic. 'Twas like a sunbeam and a cloud brought together; the one, in short, "L'Allegro" the other, "Il Penseroso." The qualities of each were calculated to temper those of the other, alternately instigating and frightening; and who would not predicate a happy and harmonious union of such extremes?

Six months after their marriage, the "happy couple" returned to town, after having traversed an extensive portion of the Continent. Lady Anne looked lovelier, and her spirits were more buoyant and brilliant than ever. She had apparently transferred not a little of her vivacity into her husband's more tranquil temperament: his manners exhibited a briskness and joyousness which none of his friends had ever witnessed in him before. During the whole of the London "season," Lady Anne revelled in enjoyment, the idol of her husband—the centre of the gaiety and cheerfulness—the star of fashion. Her *début* at Court was the most flattering of the day. It was generally talked of, that the languid elegance, the listless fastidiousness of royalty, had been quickened into something like an appearance of interest, as the fair bride bowed before it, in the graceful attitude of loyal duty. One or twice I had the satisfaction of meeting with her Ladyship in public—all charming vivacity—all sparkle—followed by crowds of flatterers—till one would have thought her nearly intoxicated with their fragrant incense! "What a sweet smile!"—"How passing graceful!"—"Heavens, what a swan-like neck?"—"Ah! happy fellow, that Harleigh!"—"Seen Lady Anne! Oh! yonder she moves—there—that laughing lady in white satin, tapping the French Ambassador on the shoulder with

her fan.' 'What! is that Lady Anne, now waltzing with Lord——? What a superb foot and ankle!—What a sylph it is!' Such was the ball-room tittle tattle that ever accompanied Sir Henry and his lady in passing through the mazes of a London season; and I doubt not the reader would have joined in it, could he have seen Lady Anne! Should I attempt to present her bodily before him, he would suspect me of culling the hyperboles of the novelist, while I should feel that after all I had failed. He should have seen for himself the light of passion—of feeling and thought—that shone in her eyes—the beauteous serenity that reigned in her aristocratic brow—in all her gestures, dignity and love! There is a picture of a young lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds that has been sworn to by hundreds as the image of Lady Anne; and it is one worthy of the artist's pencil. Not the least characteristic trait about her, was the *naïvete* with which she acknowledged her love of Sir Henry, displaying it on all occasions by

'Looks of reverent fondness.'

that disdained concealment. And so it was with the Baronet. Each was the other's pride and contentment: and both were the envy of society. Ah, who could look upon them, and believe that so dark a day was to come.

In due time Sir Henry completed the extensive arrangements for his town residence; and by the beginning of the ensuing winter, Lady Anne found herself at the head of as noble an establishment as her heart could desire. The obsequious morning prints soon teemed with accounts of his dinners; and of the balls, routs, *soirées*, and *conversations* given by this new "queen of the evening hour." Sir Henry, who represented his county in Parliament, and consequently had many calls upon his time—for he was rather disposed to be a "working" member—let his lady have it all her own way. He mingled but little in her gaieties; and even he did it was evident that his thoughts were elsewhere—that he rather tolerated than enjoyed them. He soon settled into the habits of the man of political fashion, seldom deviating from the track, with all its absorbing associations, bounded by the House and Clubs;—those sunk-rocks of many a woman's domestic happiness! In short, Sir Henry—man of fashion as he was—was somewhat of a character, and was given ample credit for sporting "the eccentric." His manners were marked by a dignity that often froze into almost surly abruptness; which, however, was easily carried to the account of severe political application and abstraction. Towards his beautiful wife, however, he preserved a demeanour of uniform tenderness. She could not form a wish that he did not even personally endeavour to secure her the means of gratifying. Considering the number and importance of his public engagements, many wondered that he could contrive to be so often seen accompanying her in rides in and about the Park and elsewhere; but who could name

'The sacrifice affection would not yield.'

Some there were, however, who ere long imagined they detected a moodiness; an irritability; a restlessness; of which his political engagements afforded no sufficient explanations. They spoke of his sudden fits of absence, and the agitation he displayed on being started from them. What could there be to disturb him? was he running beyond his income to supply his lady's extravagance? was he offended at any lightness or indiscretion of which she might have been guilty? had he given credence to any of the hundred tales circulated in society of every woman eminent in the *haut ton*? was he embarrassed with the consequence of some deep political move? No one could tell; but many marked the increasing indications of his dissatisfaction and

depression. Observation soon fastened her keen eyes upon the Lady Anne, and detected occasional clouds upon her general joyous countenance. Her bright eye was often laden with anxiety; the colour of her cheek varied; the blandness and cheerfulness of her manner gave place to frequent abruptness, petulance, and absence; symptoms, these, which soon set her friends sympathizing, and her acquaintance speculating. Whenever this sort of enquiry is roused, charity falls asleep. She never seemed at ease, it was said in her husband's presence—his departure seemed the signal for her returning gaiety. Strange to say, each seemed the conscious source of the other's anxiety and apprehension. Each had been detected casting furtive glances at the other—tracking one another's motions, and listening, even, to one another's conversation; and some went so far as to assert that each had been observed on such occasions to turn suddenly pale. What could be the matter? Every body wondered; no one knew. Some attributed their changed deportment to the exhaustion consequent upon late hours and excitement; a few hinted the probability of a family—many whispered that Sir Henry—some that Lady Anne—gambled.—Others, again, insinuated that each had too good a cause to be dissatisfied with each other's fidelity. When, however, it got currently reported that a letter was one evening given to Sir Henry at his club, which blanched his face and shook his head as he read it—that his whole manner was disturbed for days after, and that he even absented himself from a grand debate in the house—an occasion on which he was specially pledged to support his party—curiosity was at once heightened and bewildered. Then, again, it was undeniable that they treated one another with the utmost tenderness—*really*—unequivocally. Lady Anne, however, daily exhibited symptoms of increasing disquietude; the lustre faded from her eye, the colour from her cheek—her vivacity totally disappeared—she no longer even affected it. "How thin she gets!" was an exclamation heard on all hands. They were seen less frequently in society; and even when they did enter into it, 'twas evidently an intolerable burden.—Sighs were heard to escape from Lady Anne; her eyes occasionally filled with tears; and it was noticed, that on observing Sir Henry watching her—which was often the case—she made violent efforts to recover her composure. Thus in tears one evening, curiosity was strained to the utmost when Sir Henry approached her, bowed among the gentlemen who were proposing to dance with her, drew her arm within his, and, with some trepidation of manner, quitted the room. 'Good Heaven! what can be behind the scenes?' thought fifty different people who had witnessed this exhibition.

'Afraid they lead a woful life together,' said one. 'I never thought they would suit one another,' was the reply.

'Pon my soul,' simpered a sickly scion of nobility, 'tis an odd thing to say—but—but—gad, I do believe I can explain it all! Harleigh, I know hates to see her dance with me—whew!"

'Haven't you seen her turn pale, and seem quite sick at heart, when she has noticed him talking to Miss——?' wheezed an old Dowager, whose daughter had attempted to join in the race for the Baronet's hand? These, and a thousand others, were questions, hints, and innuendoes bandied about everywhere during the remainder of the season; soon after the close of which Lady Anne brought her husband a "son and heir;" and as soon as circumstances would permit, the whole establishment was ordered out of town—and Sir Henry and his lady set off no one knew whither. It was presently discovered, however, that they were spending the summer in a sequestered part of Switzerland. At an advanced period of the autumn they returned to London; and the little that was seen



of them in society served to show that their continental sojourn had worked little or no change in either—save that Lady Anne, since her accouchement, was far more delicate in health than usual under similar circumstances. Rumour and speculation were suddenly revived by an extraordinary move of Sir Henry's—he broke up, at a moment's warning, his extensive town establishment, and withdrew to a beautiful mansion about ten or twelve miles distant from the metropolis. Strange as was such a step, it had the effect, probably contemplated by the Baronet, of quieting curiosity, as soon as the hubbub occasioned by the removal of its cause, had ceased. In the vortex of London pleasure and dissipation, who can think of objects no longer present to provoke enquiry? One thing was obvious—that Lady Anne's family were, or affected to be, in the dark about the source of her disquietude. The old peer, whose health was rapidly declining, had removed to his native air, in a remote part of Ireland. Several of his daughters, fine, fashionable women, continued in town. It was whispered that their visits to Sir Henry's had been coldly discouraged: and thus, if secrecy and seclusion were the objects aimed at by the Baronet, he apparently succeeded in attaining them.

I may observe, that during the period above referred to, several enquiries had been made of me concerning the topics in question, by my patients, and others—who supposed that a former professional acquaintance with the Baronet, alight though it was, gave me some initiation into the mysteries of his conduct. Such, I need hardly say, were queries I was utterly unable to answer. Sir Henry, though a polite, was at all times a distant, uncommunicative man: and had he even been otherwise, we came but seldom into personal contact since his marriage. I therefore shared, instead of satisfying, the prevalent curiosity respecting his movements.

It was late in the evening of the 25th of April 181—, that a letter was put into my hands, bearing on the envelope the words "Private and confidential." The frank was by Sir Henry Harleigh, and the letter, which also was from him, ran thus. Let the reader imagine my astonishment in perusing it!

"Dear Doctor —: My travelling carriage-and-four will be at your door to-morrow morning at between nine and ten o'clock, for the purpose of conveying you down to my house, about ten miles from town—where your services are required. Let me implore you not to permit any engagement—short of life or death—to stand in your way of coming at the time, and in the mode I have presumed to point out. Your presence—believe me!—is required on matters of special urgency—and—you will permit me to add—of special confidence. I may state, in a word, that the object of your visit is Lady Anne. I shall, if possible, and you are punctual, meet you on the road, in order that you may be in some measure prepared for the duties that await you. I am, &c. &c.

HENRY HARLEIGH.

P. S. Pray forgive me if I say I have opened my letter for the sake of entreating you not to apprise *any body* of the circumstance of my sending for you."

This communication threw me into a maze of conjectures. I apprehended that the ensuing morning would introduce me to some scene of distress—and my imagination could suggest only family discord as the occasion. I soon made my requisite arrangements; and when the morning came, without having shewn my wife the Baronet's letter, or giving her any clue to my destination, jumped into the pea-green chariot-and-four, the instant it drew up at my door—and was presently whirled out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour. I observed that the panels had neither crest nor supporters; and the colour was not that of the Baronet's. I did not meet the Baronet, as

his letter had led me to expect. On reaching the park gates, which stood open, the groom leaped down the instant the reeking horses could be stopped, opened the carriage-door, and with a respectful bow informed me that the Baronet begged I would alight at the gates. Of course I acquiesced, and walked up the avenue to the house, full of amazement at the apparent mystery which was thrown about my movements. I ascended the spreading steps which led to the hall-door, and even pushed it open without encountering any one. On ringing the bell, however, an elderly and not very neatly dressed female made her appearance—and asked me, with a respectful curtsy, whether my name was "Dr. ———." On being answered in the affirmative, she said that Sir Henry was waiting for me in a room adjoining, and immediately led the way to it. I thought it singular enough that no male domestic should have hitherto made his appearance—knowing that in town Sir Henry kept an unusually large retinue of such gentry. I thought, also, that I perceived something unusual, not only in the countenance and manner of the female who had answered my summons, but of the groom who attended me from town. I was soon, however, in the presence of the Baronet. The room was spacious and lofty, and furnished in a style of splendid elegance. Several busts, statues, and valuable paintings graced the corners and sides, together with a noble library containing, I should think, several thousand volumes. Before I had time to cast more than a cursory glance around me, Sir Henry issued from a door at the further extremity of the library, and advancing hastily to me, shook me by the hand with cordiality. He wore a flowered green velvet dressing-gown, and his shirt collars were turned down. I thought I had never seen a finer figure or a more expressive countenance—the latter, however, clouded with mingled sternness and anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, conducting me to a seat, "I feel greatly obliged by this prompt attention to my wishes—which, however, I fear must have inconvenienced you. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes—but my drive has sharpened my appetite afresh—I think I could not resist a cup of chocolate or coffee."

"Ah—good! I'm happy to hear it. Perhaps then you will permit me to take a turn round the garden—and then we will join Lady Anne in the breakfast room?"—I assented. There was something hurried in his manner and peremptory in his tone—I saw there was something that agitated him, and waited for the *dénouement* with interest. In a moment or two, we were walking together in the garden, which we had entered through a glass door.

"Doctor," said Sir Henry in a low tone, "I have sent for you on a most melancholy errand to-day—he seemed quite agitated, and paused—proceeding, "I have infinite satisfaction in being able to avail myself of your services—for I know that you are both kind and experienced—as well as—confidential?" Again he paused, and looked full at me—I bowed, and he resumed.

"Possibly you may have occasionally heard surmises about Lady Anne and myself?—I believe we have occasioned no little speculation latterly!" I smiled and bowed off his enquiry. "I am conscious that there has been some grounds for it"—he continued with a sigh—"and I now find the time is arrived when all must be known—I must explain it all to you. You have, I believe, occasionally met us in society, and recollect her ladyship?"

"Several times, Sir Henry—and I have a distinct recollection of her. Indeed!"

"Did it ever strike you that there was anything remarkable either in her countenance or deportment?"

I looked at a loss to understand him.

"I—I mean—did you observe a certain peculiarity of